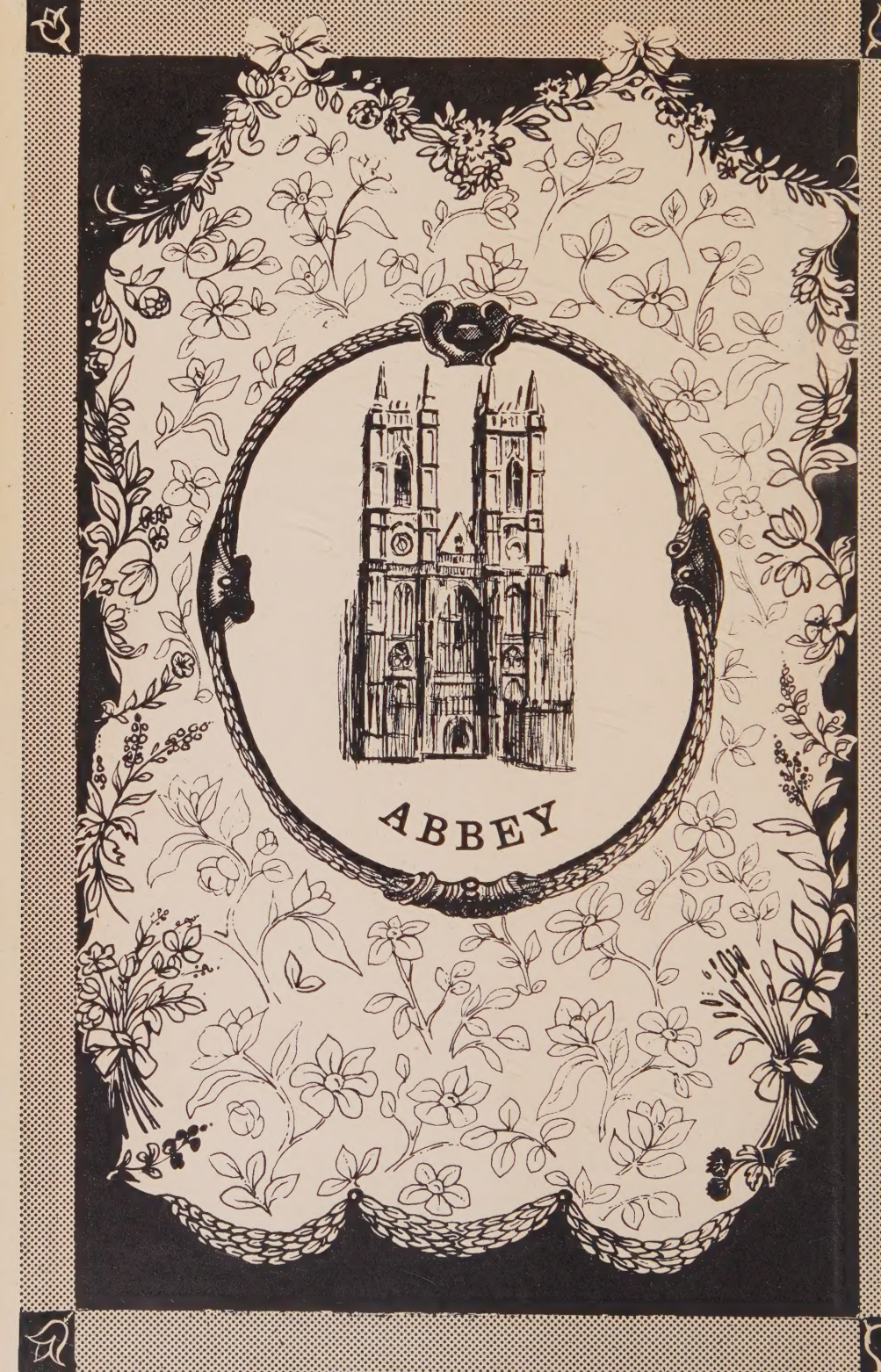
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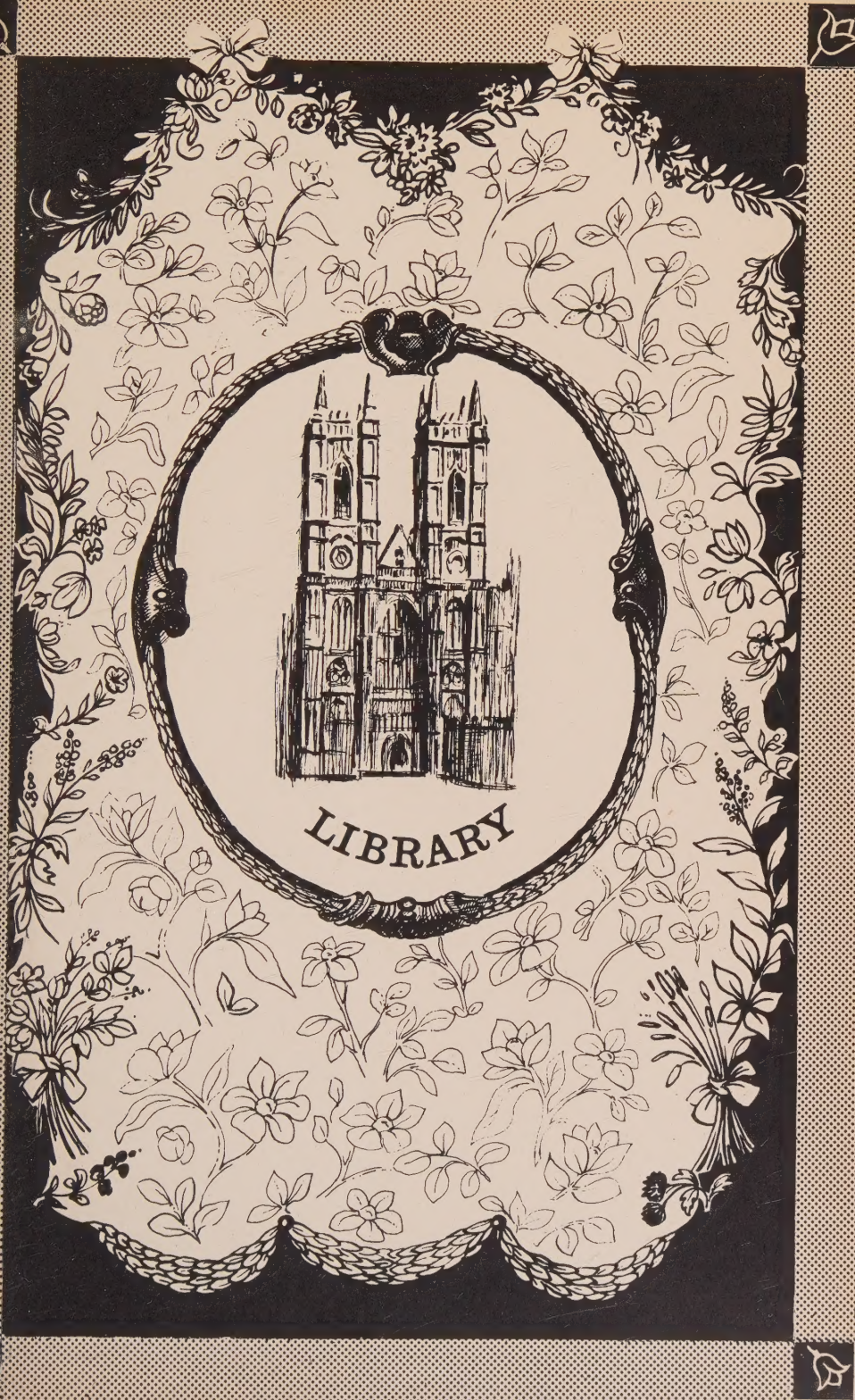
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CANDIDE
AND OTHER ROMANCES

UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME

ZADIG AND OTHER ROMANCES
BY VOLTAIRE

Translated by H. I. Woolf and Wilfrid Jackson,
with an Introduction and Notes by H. I. Woolf
and Illustrations by Henry Keen.

THE BODLEY HEAD

CANDIDE

AND OTHER ROMANCES BY VOLTAIRE

TRANSLATED by RICHARD ALDINGTON
WITH AN INTRODUCTION & NOTES
ILLUSTRATED by NORMAN TEALBY

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INTRODUCTION

I

PHILOSOPHICAL ORIGINS OF CANDIDE

IN November 1755 a great earthquake occurred in Portugal and Spain. The town of Lisbon suffered heavily and about fifteen thousand people perished. Many of the Protestant clergy in northern Europe asserted that the earthquake happened because the people of Lisbon were Roman Catholics. The clergy of Lisbon, on the other hand, felt that the shock was the result of divine anger at the presence of certain Protestants in the town; heretics were therefore forcibly baptised, and an *auto-da-fê* was held, with a view to preventing any more earthquakes. A different train of thought was set up by this calamity in the mind of M. de Voltaire, who was then living in Switzerland at his house called "Les Délices."

The first trace of the Lisbon earthquake in Voltaire's works occurs in his correspondence. In a letter to M. Bertrand, dated the 28th November, Voltaire says:

"We have the sad confirmation of the disaster at Lisbon and twenty other towns. It is a serious matter. If Pope had been at Lisbon would he have dared to say that All is well?"[1]

Two days later in a letter to the same person he says:

[1] "All that is, is right." *Essay on Man.*

"You have heard of the horrible event at Lisbon. . . . The town swallowed up in an earthquake, a hundred thousand souls buried in the ruins, Seville damaged, Cadiz submerged . . . here is a terrible argument against *Optimism*. In the midst of such terrible events it is shameful to think of one's own affairs."

Several letters in late November and early December contain similar remarks, almost invariably with a remark to the effect that the doctrines of "All is for the best" and "Optimism" are disproved. As Voltaire saw the situation, a very pretty quarrel in philosophy and theology was involved. Of course, in such important subjects an earthquake is the merest *argumentum ad hominem*, easily brushed aside as irrelevant, especially when the philosopher or the theologian is not personally affected. But Voltaire was never above accepting an *argumentum ad hominem* of this respectable force and in most of his ethical and quasi-philosophical skirmishes he liked to make theories in which the appearances seemed to be saved. He had certainly expressed very strong opposition to the theory of Optimism before the Lisbon earthquake,[1] but that calamity seemed to him a striking refutation of the theory and he determined to exploit it. The immediate result was the poem, *Le Désastre de Lisbon*, published with a preface and elaborate notes in 1756.

At this point we must glance at the Theory of Optimism or "All is for the best." Leibnitz in Germany, Shaftesbury and Pope in England, had given currency to optimistic views. According to Leibnitz, God is the perfect monad; He created a world to show His perfection; He chose this out of an infinite number of worlds; He was guided by the "principium melioris" and therefore this world is the best of all possible worlds. Shaftesbury believed in "one God whose most characteristic attribute is universal benevolence, in the moral

[1] See *Memnon*, for instance.

government of the universe, and in a future state of man making up for the imperfections and repairing the inequalities of the present life." Shaftesbury's views were made widely popular by Pope's *Essay on Man*, from which the following well-known lines are taken:

> " *Cease then, nor* ORDER *Imperfection name:*
> *Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.*
> *Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree*
> *Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestow on thee.*
> *Submit. In this, or any other sphere,*
> *Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:*
> *Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,*
> *Or in the natal or the mortal hour.*
> *All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;*
> *All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see;*
> *All Discord, Harmony, not understood;*
> *All partial Evil, universal Good:*
> *And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,*
> *One truth is clear,* WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT." [1]

Upon this passage Bishop Warburton provides the following gloss:

". . . Nature being neither a blind chain of Causes and Effects, nor yet the fortuitous result of wandering atoms, but the wonderful Art and Direction of the all-wise, all-good, and free Being; WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT, with regard to the Disposition of God, and its ultimate tendency."

The philosopher, the politician, the poet and the bishop all make large assumptions and, in spite of some artful qualifications which will not have escaped the reader's eye, involve themselves in the perplexities of the problem of moral and physical evil.[2] Their deity is anthropomorphic, their universe is anthropocentric. If

[1] *Essay on Man*, Epistle I, lines 281–94.

[2] See Mandeville's *Fable of the Bees* for an early refutation of Shaftesbury.

their deity is all-powerful and all-good and perfectly free, how do they explain the presence of moral and physical evil? Some might be satisfied with the explanation that it was really not evil at all, and that everything in the long run is made for good. "Whatever is, is right." Others might reject this explanation and feel that so many difficulties arise that the wisest course is to abandon these grandiose theories altogether. An universal calamity like the Lisbon earthquake is a knock-down blow to the assertion that "whatever is, is right." At least, that was the view of M. de Voltaire and so he penned his poem on the *Désastre de Lisbon*. The publication of the poem provoked the famous *Lettre à M. de Voltaire* of J. J. Rousseau, and the counter-attack upon Rousseau, Leibnitz and Shaftesbury was *Candide*.

The whole debate seems unnecessarily confused by the fact that Voltaire does not distinguish between a supernatural and a scientific explanation of the universe; nor does he distinguish between "good and evil" as absolutes and as relatives. He was trying to think scientifically with a mind which, for all its alertness and clarity, was still encumbered with theology. If a supernatural view is adopted, then this is a matter of faith, and discussion is a waste of time, as Rousseau pointed out very cogently in his letter. Moreover, as Rousseau also remarks, nobody denies that the individual may suffer (*i.e.* he admits relative evil), but who is to say whether this "evil" is not necessary to the existence of the universe, and, hence, whether particular "evils" may not form the general "good"? Both combatants were in a sense right, as generally happens in disputes. Voltaire was certainly right in asserting that men here and now do suffer, and therefore, from their point of view, "evil" does exist. But Rousseau nipped the Sage in a pretty dilemma by hinting that he must either abandon Providence (which Voltaire protested he did not do) or admit that Providence must be ultimately beneficent.

II

THE POEM ON THE LISBON EARTHQUAKE

THE *Désastre de Lisbon* opens, as is classically fitting, with an invocation to all unfortunate mortals in general, and to those misguided philosophers who assert that "All is well" in particular, to contemplate the ruins of Lisbon, which are described in terms of graphic horror. Will you, the poet asks the philosophers, say that these terrible sufferings are the result of eternal laws which necessitate the choice of a free and good God? Will you say that this ruin is the vengeance of God, the punishment of crimes? But what crime had been committed by infants on the breasts of their mothers and was Lisbon so wicked as London and Paris? Lisbon is ruined and Paris is dancing. At the sight of such suffering it is impossible to restrain our lamentations. You assert that it is pride on our part to say that we are unhappy and might be happier, but was it pride in the Lisbon victims to say: "O Heaven, pity us! O Heaven, have mercy on human misery!"

You say that all is well and all is necessitated. What! Would the whole universe have been any worse off if Lisbon had not been engulfed? Are you sure that the Eternal could not have placed us in these dreary climes without lighting volcanoes under our feet? Do you limit supreme power, forbid it to exercise clemency? Has not the eternal artist infinite means ready in His hands for all His designs? I humbly wish this earthquake had happened in a desert. When man laments such a disaster he is not proud but compassionate.

Would it have consoled the victims to say: "Die in peace; your homes are destroyed for the happiness of the world; other hands will build up your burned palaces, other nations will be born within your ruined

walls; your losses will enrich the North; all your misfortunes make for good in the general laws of things; God looks upon you with the same eye as He regards the vile worms which will prey upon you in the grave!" This is horrible language to address to the unfortunate and is adding insult to misery.

No (Voltaire proceeds), do not tell me of the immutable laws of necessity; God controls the chain of events and is not bound by it; all is determined by His beneficent choice; He is free, just, not implacable. But then why do we suffer? Do we remove our woes by denying them? This is a problem which has perturbed all races.

We are children of the Almighty, but born in misery; and we lift our hands to our common father. The pot does not reproach the potter for its defects, but then the pot has no heart and no speech. You say that the misfortune of one is the good of another. A thousand insects are born from my dead body. When death comes as the last of my woes, it is indeed a consolation to be eaten by worms!

I know I am a living portion of the great whole. Yes, but animals condemned to life, all sentient beings, born under the same laws, live in pain and die as I do. The elements, animals, men, all are at war. We cannot help admitting that there is *evil* in the world. We do not know how or why; and my mind will not allow me to believe in Typhon or Arimane, gods of evil. But how can we conceive a God, who is all kindness, who lavishes gifts on His beloved children and at the same time deluges them with evils? Who can understand this? Evil cannot come from the all-good Being; it cannot come from elsewhere, because God alone is master; yet it exists. A God came to console our afflicted race; He visited the earth but He made no change in it.

Either man was born guilty and God punishes him; or the Master of time and space, without wrath, without pity, tranquil, indifferent, follows the eternal torment of

his first decrees; or shapeless matter, rebellious against its master, carried in itself defects as *necessary* as itself; or God tests us, and this mortal sojourn is only a brief passage to an eternal world. Here we endure temporary woes and death puts an end to our miseries. But when we leave this horrible passage, who among us can assert that he deserves to be happy?

Whatever view we take, we can only shudder. We know nothing and fear everything; Nature is mute. We need a God to speak to the human race; He alone can explain His work, console the weak and enlighten the wise. Without Him man leans upon a reed. Leibnitz does not explain how, in the best ordered of possible worlds, eternal disorder and a chaos of woes mingle real pains with our vain pleasures; nor why the innocent endures the same inevitable law as the guilty. I cannot understand how everything can be well. I am like a doctor, alas, I know nothing.

I abandon Plato, I reject Epicurus; Bayle knows more than either and I will consult him. Balance in hand, Bayle teaches us to doubt; wise and great enough to have no system, he destroys them all and combats himself. What then can be achieved by the perfect mind? Nothing. The book of fate is closed to our gaze. Man, a stranger to himself, is unknown to man. What am I? When did I come? Tormented atoms on a heap of mud, which death swallows up and fate plays with; but thinking atoms, atoms whose eyes guided by thought have measured the heavens. This world, this theatre of pride and error, is full of wretches who talk of happiness. All complain, all groan as they seek felicity; none would die, none would live his life again. Sometimes, in our days given up to pain, we wipe away our tears with the hand of pleasure; but pleasure flies away, and passes like a shadow; our griefs, our regrets, our losses are without number. The past is only a sad memory for us; the present is dreadful, if there is no

future, if the night of the grave destroys the being which thinks. *Some day all will be well*, that is our hope; *To-day all is well*, that is the illusion.

Humble in my sighs, submissive in my suffering, I do not rise up against Providence. Of old, I sang the seductive laws of sweet pleasures in less lugubrious tones.[1] Other times, other manners. Instructed by old age, sharing the weakness of wandering human beings, seeking enlightenment in thick darkness, I can only suffer and not murmur.

A calif at his last hour made this single prayer to his God: "O sole King, sole limitless being, I bring all you do not hold in your immensity—faults, regrets, evils, igorance." But he might have added *Hope*.

III

THE POEM AND ROUSSEAU'S REPLY

I HAVE reproduced in prose so much of the poem because it contains a serious if poetic statement of views and ideas which are dealt with playfully and satirically in *Candide*. Indeed, *Candide* can be fully understood only when read in conjunction with this fine poem. I accept it as a perfectly sincere expression of Voltaire's feelings and doubts at the age of sixty. He had seen and suffered much, he had written many books, had loved and had buried Mme. du Châtelet; he had known the most interesting men of his age; he had been in prison and in exile, in kings' palaces, in humble lodgings; he had been unknown and poor and was now rich and famous. He had long meditated on the problems and mysteries of human life and destiny and had endeavoured to console himself with a wise ignorance. The Lisbon calamity shocked him, as injustices and misfortunes

[1] Refers to *Le Mondain*.

little and great often did shock him to indignation or satire, according to his mood. Under the stress of this emotion, he once more reviewed his ideas and once more entered his protest against a facile optimism and a dull orthodoxy, in an arraignment of Providence, singularly daring in that age of still active religious persecution. At one moment in the poem he is ready to take the final step in his reasoning, to attain coherence by rejecting the theological hypothesis. But his courage was not equal to the step; old prejudices and sentiments encumbered him; he looked Despair in the face and, instead of grappling with it, fled to warm doubt and hope. As a modern French philosopher says, doubt is now the last refuge of faith.

This poem, together with another called *Sur la Loi Naturelle*, reached J. J. Rousseau in August 1756 when he was living at Ermitage and before the progress of his paranoia had reached the disastrous stage of suspecting and quarrelling with everyone. One of Rousseau's fundamental assertions was a confidence in the beneficence of "Nature," a conviction that men are born "good," that by "living in accordance with the dictates of Nature" men are happy, that they are unhappy because they "depart from Nature," and that they are "corrupted" by the arts and sciences, by assembling in towns, by forming artificial needs and barriers; in a word, by civilisation. The pessimism of Voltaire was therefore the very antithesis of the optimism of Rousseau. Voltaire argued that men are naturally miserable and only consoled by the artificial creations of civilisation; Rousseau argued that men are miserable because of civilisation and could only be happy by rejecting it. Voltaire had called the *Discourse on the Origin of Inequality* a "book directed against the human race." With the poem on Lisbon beside him Rousseau attacked Voltaire's views and defended his own in a long and profoundly-thought-out letter. I shall give some passages from it.

"I do not see that we can seek the source of moral evil anywhere than in free, perfected, and therefore corrupted man; and, as to physical evils, if sentient and impassible is a contradiction (as I think), then they are inevitable in every system in which man is a part; and then the question is not why man is not perfectly happy but why he exists. Moreover, I think I have showed that, except for death, which is hardly an evil at all except through the preparations which have been made to precede it, most of our physical evils are our own work. Without leaving your subject of Lisbon —you must admit, for example, that Nature did not collect there twenty thousand houses of six or seven storeys, and that if the inhabitants of that great town had been dispersed more equally and housed more lightly, the damage would have been much less, and perhaps nil. Everyone would have fled at the first shock and the day afterwards they would have been twenty leagues away, all as happy as if nothing had happened. . . .

"You would have preferred the earthquake to have happened in the desert rather than at Lisbon. Can we doubt that they do happen in deserts? But we do not speak of them because they do no harm to the town-gentlemen, the only men we consider. They do little harm to the animals and savages which live widely scattered over those distant places, and have nothing to fear from falling roofs and burning houses. But what would such a privilege indicate? Does it mean that the order of the world should be changed according to our caprices, and that Nature should be submissive to our laws, and that to prevent an earthquake we have only to build a town."

This is poor stuff, the usual "Nature" fallacy,[1] and

[1] To prevent misunderstanding I must make clear my attitude to Rousseau's "Nature." A man disgusted by the present may look forward or may look back. Rousseau was a poet and he looked back. He thought mankind was suffering from too much civilisation; Voltaire thought there

if Voltaire had only read such passages he might well have dropped the letter in the fire and have thought no more about it; but further on there are some more serious arguments which might have deserved his attention. The latter portion of the letter-pamphlet contains these among other significant paragraphs:

"To return, Sir, to the system you attack, I think it cannot be properly examined without a careful distinction between Particular Evils (the existence of which no philosopher has ever denied) and General Evils, which is denied by Optimism. It is not a question of knowing whether each of us suffers or not, but whether it was a good thing for the universe to exist and whether our woes were inevitable in its constitution. Thus, it seems to me that a slight alteration would make the proposition more exact, and, instead of 'All is well,' it would be better to say 'The whole is well' or 'All is well as regards the whole.' Then it is very evident that no man could produce direct proofs for or against it; for these proofs depend on a perfect knowledge of the world's constitution and of its author's aim, and this knowledge is incontestably above human intelligence. The true principles of Optimism cannot be deduced from the properties of matter, nor from the mechanism of the universe, but are only arrived at by induction from the perfections of the God who presides over all; so that the existence of God is not proved by Pope's system, but Pope's system is proved by the existence of God; and there can be no doubt that the question of the origin of evil derives from the question of Providence; and if neither of these two questions has been adequately dealt with, the reason is that people have always argued falsely about Providence and these absurdities have confused all the corollaries

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was not enough. I think Voltaire was right. But I think Rousseau had a more profound mind, and certainly a more emotional and more poetic temperament than Voltaire.

which might be drawn from this great and consoling dogma. . . .

"To think correctly here, it seems to me that things should be considered relatively in the physical order and absolutely in the moral order. The highest idea I can form of Providence is that every material being is disposed in the best possible way in relation to the whole, and that every intelligent and sentient being is disposed in the best possible way relative to itself; so that, for those who are conscious of existence, it is better to exist than not to exist. But this rule must be applied to the total duration of every sentient being, and not to some particular instant of its duration, such as human life; and this shows how closely the question of Providence is linked up with that of the Immortality of the soul, which I am so happy as to believe in (without being ignorant of the fact that reason may have its doubts), and with that of the eternity of penalties which neither you nor I nor any man who thinks properly of God will ever believe.

"I bring back these different questions to their common principle because it seems to me that they are all linked up with that of the existence of God. If God exists, He is perfect; if He is perfect, He is wise, almighty and just; if He is wise and almighty, all is well; if He is just and almighty, my soul is immortal; if my soul is immortal, thirty years of life are nothing to me and are perhaps necessary to the continuance of the universe. If the first proposition is granted me, the others can never be shaken; if it is denied, there is no need to dispute the consequences."

Commentators on Rousseau have expressed great surprise that Voltaire replied to this closely-reasoned argument only with a brief and evasive letter. But Voltaire could not reply adequately without committing himself either to a proposition he had rejected or to a proposition he dared not assert and perhaps dared not

entertain. Rousseau had picked out the weak spot in Voltaire's pessimistic Deism. He would not write to Rousseau and say: "Your arguments convince me; I am fully persuaded of the existence of God and admit that I must ultimately acknowledge myself an optimist." Nor, on the other hand, would he follow his ideas with the logic and candour of Diderot and say: "I admit that the hypothesis of God involves intolerable difficulties and contradictions. I cannot declare that everything is well, either relatively or absolutely; I cannot shut my eyes to all the misery and suffering of mankind; I do not believe in the immortality of the soul; I do not believe in a system of posthumous rewards and punishments; I do not believe in the natural goodness of man, nor do I accept the absurd dogma of original sin. I therefore abandon my hypothesis of God, for if everything must have a cause, there must be a cause for God; and if God is an exception to this rule, the universe might equally well be an exception. I look upon man as a perfectable animal living in surroundings which are neither actually hostile nor actively beneficent to him, but indifferent. The problem is twofold; to control these surrounding forces to man's benefit, to organise men for the benefit of Man. The end is not to be obtained through ignorance, by magic or by ignoring facts. So far from its being true that man in a state of nature (whatever that may mean) is superior to and happier than civilised man, the reverse is true. What we need is more, not less, civilisation. This cannot be obtained except through intelligent co-operation, intensive study of the universe, common-sense and public spirit. It cannot be obtained by returning to the primitive and hating all one's friends in particular while trying to love all mankind in general. Nor can it be obtained by any sort of mumbo-jumbo rites, by totem-worship, taboos, relics, singing, denouncing the intelligence and burning opponents. The best results will not

be perfect, but we can make life more tolerable and more secure through tolerance and common-sense, and by each contributing what we can to the common stock. Let us cultivate our own gardens."

This, in fact, fairly closely presents Voltaire's programme, except that he could not abandon the hypothesis of the deity; either from some aristocratic prejudice in favour of a monarchical universe or because he was afraid of the storm and persecution which a frank rejection of the supernatural would bring down upon him. It was easier for Diderot to make this step than for the Sage of Ferney. Voltaire was so conspicuous in the world, had so many foes, was so obviously the first quarry for religious persecution, had such dismal experience of Bastilles and Most Christian or Most Philosophical monarchs, that he had every excuse for prudence. In a world of powerful fundamentalists, free, logical thought was a dangerous indulgence. Therefore Voltaire shrank from pushing his thinking to its logical conclusion. He evaded the difficulties of the supernatural hypothesis like the Epicureans before him, by setting the gods afar off, remote, unknowable, indifferent:

Illud item non est ut possis credere, sedes
Esse Deûm sanctus in mundi partibus ullis:
Tenuis enim natura Deûm, longeque remota
Sensibus a nostris, animi vix mente videtur.
Quæ quoniam manuum tactum suffugit, et ictum,
Tactile non nobis quod sit, contigere debet;
Tangere enim non quit, quod tangere non licet ipsum.[1]

Or, when the Lucretian irony did not suit his mood, he would take refuge in a vague Pantheism; or, still more frequently, would declare that these problems are insoluble and discussion of them a hindrance to the main business of mankind; which is to live peaceably, sociably and usefully.

[1] Lucretius, lib. V, 147–53.

So M. de Voltaire did not answer M. Rousseau of Geneva in the way I have imagined for him. He declined the gambit and wrote that he was ill. But all these things he revolved in his mind and in 1758 he was inspired to return to the problem of "All is well," and to treat it in a concrete, not an abstract, form, by relating the adventures of a candid soul who had been taught to believe that all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds.

IV

CANDIDE

I AM very far from supposing that the whole origin of *Candide* is described in the preceding pages; and I do not accept blindly Rousseau's statement in the *Confessions* that *Candide* was the direct answer to his letter.[1] But *Candide* is so often represented as a merely amusing squib that I felt inclined to stress the serious ideas underlying it and to show that these ideas were the subject of debate at the time and had been ably attacked by a great rival, Rousseau. Voltaire had not always been a pessimist. In the days of Cirey and his poem the *Mondain* he had inclined to more Epicurean views, at any rate to the view that "If all is not well, it is at least tolerable."[2] But age, disappointed ambitions, misfortunes, the death of Mme. du Châtelet (that ardent disciple of Leibnitz) all tended to withdraw him from the optimism of Pope and the German metaphysician. His pessimism did not date from the earthquake of Lisbon and the Seven Years' War; it was of older growth, had already been expressed, but became more pronounced

[1] *Memnon*, for instance, attacks the idea that "All is well."
[2] See *Babouc*.

and more loudly proclaimed in that period of general distress.

I have presumed to mark at some length the features of Voltaire's pessimism, which found its liveliest and most popular expression in *Candide*. I shall not dwell on sources, influences and comparisons, nor inquire whether Voltaire had noticed the character of Candido in Dekker's *The Honest Whore* or had read the Simplicissus of Grimmelshausen and the Cosmopolite of Fougeret de Monbron. I shall not repeat the time-honoured comparison with Johnson's *Rasselas* or trace minutely or even rapidly the numerous passages in Voltaire's own work which are reproduced or repeated with variations in *Candide*. It is sufficient to mention that these sources, influences and comparisons have frequently been investigated. I shall but mention here that the second part of *Candide*, printed in more than one English translation as the work of Voltaire, was not written by Voltaire but by some obscure imitator, possibly Thorel de Campigneulles.

Superficially *Candide* is a burlesque novel of adventure, and a very lively and amusing one. As a " philosophic lesson " its intention is to ridicule the Optimism of Pope, Shaftesbury, Leibnitz and Wolff. *En passant*, the novel contrives to include a surprisingly large number of hits at Voltaire's cherished aversions, from Fréron to Frederick, from the Jesuits to the Inquisition. Pangloss, the optimist philosopher, is a compound portrait of Leibnitz and Wolff and possibly Rousseau. The Bulgarians are the Prussians, the Abares are the French, and their War is the Seven Years' War. The King who " was a great genius " is Frederick the Great, and the recruiting sergeants who capture Candide so unscrupulously are Prussians. Some have thought that the Cunegonde-Candide affair is a comment on the passion of one of Frederick's sisters for Baron Trenck, whose adventure may be read at length in the English translation of his memoirs recently published under the title of *A Prussian*

Casanova. The description of Cunegonde's brother, the German Baron, fits Frederick admirably. All the miseries and horrors endured and witnessed by Candide and his friends—the earthquakes, wars, rapes, pirates, religious persecution, swindling, &c.—are true, if slightly exaggerated. The six ex-monarchs Candide met in Venice really existed. The English Admiral "shot to encourage the others" was Admiral Byng. Even the Signor Pococurante had an original, for Voltaire was half poking fun at himself when he sketched that eminent critic. Whether portions of living ladies were cut off and eaten by desperate beleaguered garrisons is an inquiry into which I shall not enter, but doubtless Voltaire had some authority for this lugubrious jest. Those who desire to follow in more detail all these matters are referred to the excellent edition of *Candide* published in 1913 by M. Andre Morize for the Société des Textes Français Modernes.

Candide, though sharply criticised by Grimm when first published, became immediately popular; at least forty-three editions are known to have been issued between 1759 and 1789. The story has been translated into many languages and is certainly better known to English readers than any other of Voltaire's works. It is responsible for most of the hasty and superficial generalisations about Voltaire. But he who knows only *Candide* does not know Voltaire; brilliant as it is the novel represents only a fraction of his thought, only one aspect of his multiform artistry. Its popularity is due to its amusing adventures, its clear, rapid style, its concentrated wit, its vitality and alertness, and to its triumphant disposal of facile optimism. Whether it really proves anything of importance may admit of doubt, but none can deny that it is one of the most brilliant and readable satires ever written.

V

SHORTER TALES

The immense reputation of *Candide* has very much overshadowed Voltaire's other philosophic and moral tales. Yet the arts of the raconteur and the satirist, so conspicuous and so much admired in the more famous work, are equally to be found in these smaller pieces. An earlier volume of this series presented translations of *L'Ingênue*, *La Princesse de Babylone*, and *Micromégas*. Those included here are shorter but not less brilliant; and the two volumes together contain most of Voltaire's Romans, and certainly the best of them.

The *World as it is*, or *Babouc*, represents a stage of Voltaire's thought between the genial Epicureanism of *Le Mondain* and the grave or sardonic pessimism of *Le Désastre de Lisbon* and *Candide*. Its motto or moral is, "that if all is not well, all is at least tolerable"; an attitude which is perhaps the most permanent with Voltaire. His pessimism was rarely so deep that he could not laugh it away. *Babouc* is characteristic of Voltaire's light but ruthless exposure of social abuses. In a few pages of this fable he attacks wars of aggression, mismanagement of hospitals, church ceremonies and sermons, burial in churches, cicisbéisme, the sale of offices of the law and army commissions, commercial dishonesty, religious controversy and sectarianism, the parasites of literature, the tax farmers and the pride of statesmen. And at the same time he contrives to show the compensating advantages of every one of these inconveniences. This is one of the most truly philosophic of Voltaire's prose fables. He is criticising life, not from the standpoint of sect or party, but from the point of view of a disinterested yet humane and intelligent spectator.

Cosi-Sancta is a prose version of one of the Boccaccic

or La Fontaine *contes* which Voltaire loved to tell in verse. There was scarcely a time in his life when he believed in female virtue, and he took great delight, in old age as in youth, in pointing out or illustrating the frailties of fair ladies. A good classical education or even a strong dose of common-sense is often a preservative from commonplace Puritanism. Voltaire never fell to that pettiness. He had an elfish joy in teasing churchmen without a sense of humour or the polish of high intelligence. The superior prelates of the Church were quite Voltaire's match in the elegance of eighteenth-century culture. His game was the blundering bishop or the zealous canon, who must always be fidgeting the world with saintly propaganda. No better way of teasing them could be found than the Boccaccio-like tale, such as *Cosi-Sancta*. I suspect that the tale with its moral of " a little ill for a great good " is a sly hit at the maxim of the end justifying the means, which was advanced by a few of the over-zealous members of the Society of Jesus. That great order, which aimed at nothing less than a mild but firm intellectual dictatorship, has been too much calumniated for one to wish to dwell on this aspect of *Cosi-Sancta*. If the reader does not think it a merry conceited jest, he can always fall back on Tupper.

Memnon is a kind of preliminary sketch for *Candide*, for even so early as 1747 we find Voltaire entering his protest against the doctrine that " All that is, is right." But the main shaft of satire here is directed against self-righteousness. *Memnon* is much more Catholic than Voltaire would have cared to admit. It is the Protestant or the Rationalist who likes to think that he need never err, never do what he will afterwards regret; never make a fool of himself. An older and a wiser psychology, with more insight and indulgence, recognised that we are all sinners and was prepared to deal with mankind accordingly. Thus Voltaire always remained partly faithful to Mediterranean indulgence and hated the unco guid.

Memnon's project of being perfectly wise is very soon exploded by his creator. In fact Memnon is so speedily reduced to extreme misery that Voltaire has to change his ground to excuse it, and wind up with an attack on Optimism. It is perhaps one of Voltaire's most valuable contributions to popular thought that he denied the validity of both Original Sin and Optimism; that is, he did not deny evil with Shaftesbury and Rousseau, nor attribute it to the sin of Adam and Eve with the Church.

Bababec and the Fakirs is a mere squib, introduced as a specimen of Voltaire's perpetual attacks on the clergy. The satire of ascetic practices is a little heavy and the explanation of the ascetic's behaviour is not altogether profound; but the whole is most characteristic of the eighteenth-century attitude towards all such practices. The hermit and anchorites generally only became fashionable with Romanticism.

Scarmentado's Travels is another of the pieces which read like an early draft of part of *Candide*. Indeed, the Inquisition scenes in the latter are fairly closely copied from the earlier piece. It must always be remembered that these short pieces were to Voltaire nothing more than the merest journalism. He wrote them well and wittily, because everything he did was well done and he seldom could avoid being witty; but they were intended as nothing more than amusing prose fables to familiarise women and less-educated readers generally with Voltaire's Rationalist ideas. He always liked to ram home the idea that with men as they are, all countries and races have their feuds, intolerances and absurdities. And he liked to show that the worst of these are due to religious fanaticism. Any powerful group or sect with fanatical views soon develops the spirit of persecution; persecution is, in fact, the physical expression of mental fanaticism, and it is the greatest enemy of human happiness.

Jeannot and Colin, though one of the shortest of Voltaire's tales, is certainly one the most brilliant. The

moral about happiness not dwelling in vanity (which is true enough) does not matter in comparison with this amusing study of *nouveaux riches* and the profound satire of vulgar ideas of education. Voltaire little dreamed that M. and Mme. de la Jeannotière were to become the arbiters of the world's fashion and that education would be attacked by people with views not much more elevated or far-sighted. The psychology of this story is much truer to life than that in some of the others, except for the generosity of Colin at the end, which Voltaire must have known was in the highest degree improbable. Otherwise, all the character-types, though only appearing for a few lines, are perfectly realised and vivid.

Finally, as a different specimen of Voltaire's art, I have included *Lord Chesterfield's Ears*, which hovers between dialogue and narrative and is midway between the Romans and the propagandist pamphlets. It was written when Voltaire was a very old man—over eighty—and not only shows the old man's failing powers, but his endeavour to make up for this by overdoing the scatological note. The interest (in my opinion) is in the old man's obstinate courage and pertinacity—still bringing a free mind to bear upon the problems of the universe. The aged person's love of life almost always takes the form of a gradual conviction or desired conviction of personal immortality. Most people do well not to deny themselves this gentle consolation. But I like to think of that clear, amusing, brave spirit keeping up to the last the fight against delusion and renewing for the thousandth time its baffled inquiry into the mysteries of life and death. Even those who dislike, and feel they have a right to despise Voltaire, must grant him that courage and that unconquerable will.

I should add that I have omitted one chapter from this story because I thought it too cloacal and not important enough to justify its nastiness.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

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CANDIDE

OR OPTIMISM

CANDIDE

OR OPTIMISM

Translated from the German by Dr. Ralph with the additions found in the doctor's pocket when he died at Minden, in the year of grace 1759.

(1759)

CHAPTER I

How Candide was brought up in a noble castle, and how he was expelled from the same

IN the castle of Baron Thunder-ten-tronckh in Westphalia there lived a youth, endowed by Nature with the most gentle character. His face was the expression of his soul. His judgment was quite honest and he was extremely simple-minded; and this was the reason, I think, that he was named Candide. Old servants in the house suspected that he was the son of the Baron's sister and a decent honest gentleman of the neighbourhood, whom this young lady would never marry because he could only prove seventy-two quarterings, and the rest of his genealogical tree was lost, owing to the injuries of time.

The Baron was one of the most pòwerful lords in Westphalia, for his castle possessed a door and windows. His Great Hall was even decorated with a piece of tapestry. The dogs in his stable-yards formed a pack of hounds when necessary; his grooms were his huntsmen; the village curate was his Grand Almoner. They all called him "My Lord," and laughed heartily at his stories.

The Baroness weighed about three hundred and fifty pounds, was therefore greatly respected, and did the honours of the house with a dignity which rendered her still more respectable. Her daughter Cunegonde, aged seventeen, was rosy-cheeked, fresh, plump and tempting. The Baron's son appeared in every respect worthy of his father. The tutor Pangloss was the oracle of the house, and little Candide followed his lessons with all the candour of his age and character.

Pangloss taught metaphysico-theologo-cosmolo-nigology. He proved admirably that there is no effect without a cause and that, in this best of all possible worlds, My Lord the Baron's castle was the best of castles and his wife the best of all possible Baronesses.

"'Tis demonstrated," said he, "that things cannot be otherwise; for, since everything is made for an end, everything is necessarily for the best end. Observe that noses were made to wear spectacles; and so we have spectacles. Legs were visibly instituted to be breeched, and we have breeches. Stones were formed to be quarried and to build castles; and My Lord has a very noble castle; the greatest Baron in the province should have the best house; and as pigs were made to be eaten, we eat pork all the year round; consequently, those who have asserted that all is well [1] talk nonsense; they ought to have said that all is for the best."

Candide listened attentively and believed innocently;

[1] Tout est bien, all is well, said Rousseau in his famous attack on Voltaire's poem about the Lisbon earthquake. See Introduction.

for he thought Miss Cunegonde extremely beautiful, although he was never bold enough to tell her so. He decided that after the happiness of being born Baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, the second degree of happiness was to be Miss Cunegonde; the third, to see her every day; and the fourth to listen to Doctor Pangloss, the greatest philosopher of the province and therefore of the whole world.

One day when Cunegonde was walking near the castle, in a little wood which was called The Park, she observed Doctor Pangloss in the bushes, giving a lesson in experimental physics to her mother's waiting-maid, a very pretty and docile brunette. Miss Cunegonde had a great inclination for science and watched breathlessly the reiterated experiments she witnessed; she observed clearly the Doctor's sufficient reason, the effects and the causes, and returned home very much excited, pensive, filled with the desire of learning, reflecting that she might be the sufficient reason of young Candide and that he might be hers.

On her way back to the castle she met Candide and blushed; Candide also blushed. She bade him good-morning in a hesitating voice; Candide replied without knowing what he was saying. Next day, when they left the table after dinner, Cunegonde and Candide found themselves behind a screen; Cunegonde dropped her handkerchief, Candide picked it up; she innocently held his hand; the young man innocently kissed the young lady's hand with remarkable vivacity, tenderness and grace; their lips met, their eyes sparkled, their knees trembled, their hands wandered. Baron Thunder-ten-tronckh passed near the screen, and, observing this cause and effect, expelled Candide from the castle by kicking him in the backside frequently and hard. Cunegonde swooned; when she recovered her senses, the Baroness slapped her in the face; and all was in consternation in the noblest and most agreeable of all possible castles.

CHAPTER II

What happened to Candide among the Bulgarians

CANDIDE, expelled from the earthly paradise, wandered for a long time without knowing where he was going, turning up his eyes to Heaven, gazing back frequently at the noblest of castles which held the most beautiful of young Baronesses; he lay down to sleep supperless between two furrows in the open fields; it snowed heavily in large flakes. The next morning the shivering Candide, penniless, dying of cold and exhaustion, dragged himself towards the neighbouring town, which was called Waldberghoff-trarbk-dikdorff. He halted sadly at the door of an inn. Two men dressed in blue noticed him.

"Comrade," said one, "there's a well-built young man of the right height."

They went up to Candide and very civilly invited him to dinner.

"Gentlemen," said Candide with charming modesty,

" you do me a great honour, but I have no money to pay my share."

" Ah, sir," said one of the men in blue, " persons of your figure and merit never pay anything; are you not five feet five tall?"

" Yes, gentlemen," said he, bowing, " that is my height."

" Ah, sir, come to table; we will not only pay your expenses, we will never allow a man like you to be short of money; men were only made to help each other."

" You are in the right," said Candide, " that is what Doctor Pangloss was always telling me, and I see that everything is for the best."

They begged him to accept a few crowns, he took them and wished to give them an IOU; they refused to take it and all sat down to table.

" Do you not love tenderly . . ."

" Oh, yes," said he. " I love Miss Cunegonde tenderly."

" No," said one of the gentlemen. " We were asking if you do not tenderly love the King of the Bulgarians."

" Not a bit," said he, " for I have never seen him."

" What! He is the most charming of kings, and you must drink his health."

" Oh, gladly, gentlemen."

And he drank.

" That is sufficient," he was told. " You are now the support, the aid, the defender, the hero of the Bulgarians; your fortune is made and your glory assured."

They immediately put irons on his legs and took him to a regiment. He was made to turn to the right and left, to raise the ramrod and return the ramrod, to take aim, to fire, to double up, and he was given thirty strokes with a stick; the next day he drilled not quite so badly, and received only twenty strokes; the day after, he only had ten and was looked on as a prodigy by his comrades.

Candide was completely mystified and could not make out how he was a hero. One fine spring day he thought he would take a walk, going straight ahead, in the belief that to use his legs as he pleased was a privilege of the human species as well as of animals. He had not gone two leagues when four other heroes, each six feet tall, fell upon him, bound him and dragged him back to a cell. He was asked by his judges whether he would rather be thrashed thirty-six times by the whole regiment or receive a dozen lead bullets at once in his brain. Although he protested that men's wills are free and that he wanted neither one nor the other, he had to make a choice; by virtue of that gift of God which is called *liberty*, he determined to run the gauntlet thirty-six times and actually did so twice. There were two thousand men in the regiment. That made four thousand strokes which laid bare the muscles and nerves from his neck to his backside. As they were about to proceed to a third turn, Candide, utterly exhausted, begged as a favour that they would be so kind as to smash his head; he obtained this favour; they bound his eyes and he was made to kneel down. At that moment the King of the Bulgarians came by and inquired the victim's crime; and as this King was possessed of a vast genius, he perceived from what he learned about Candide that he was a young metaphysician very ignorant in worldly matters, and therefore pardoned him with a clemency which will be praised in all newspapers and all ages. An honest surgeon healed Candide in three weeks with the ointments recommended by Dioscorides.[1] He had already regained a little skin and could walk when the King of the Bulgarians went to war with the King of the Abares.[2]

[1] A Greek author of the time of Nero.

[2] The Bulgarians are the Prussians and the Abares the French. The King of vast genius is Frederick the Great, whose recruiting methods are glanced at in this chapter.

CHAPTER III

How Candide escaped from the Bulgarians and what became of him

NOTHING could be smarter, more splendid, more brilliant, better drawn up than the two armies. Trumpets, fifes, hautboys, drums, cannons formed a harmony such as has never been heard even in hell. The cannons first of all laid flat about six thousand men on each side; then the musketry removed from the best of worlds some nine or ten thousand blackguards who infested its surface. The bayonet also was the sufficient reason for the death of some thousands of men. The whole might amount to thirty thousand souls. Candide, who trembled like a philosopher, hid himself as well as he could during this heroic butchery.

At last, while the two kings each commanded a Te Deum in his camp, Candide decided to go elsewhere to reason about effects and causes. He clambered over heaps of dead and dying men and reached a neighbouring village, which was in ashes; it was an Abare village which the Bulgarians had burned in accordance with international law. Here, old men dazed with blows watched the dying agonies of their murdered wives who clutched their children to their bleeding breasts; there, disembowelled girls who had been made to satisfy the natural appetites of heroes gasped their last sighs; others, half-burned, begged to be put to death. Brains were scattered on the ground among dismembered arms and legs.

Candide fled to another village as fast as he could; it belonged to the Bulgarians, and Abarian heroes had treated it in the same way. Candide, stumbling over quivering limbs or across ruins, at last escaped from the theatre of war, carrying a little food in his knapsack, and never forgetting Miss Cunegonde. His provisions were all gone when he reached Holland; but, having heard that everyone in that country was rich and a Christian, he had no doubt at all but that he would be as well treated as he had been in the Baron's castle before he had been expelled on account of Miss Cunegonde's pretty eyes.

He asked an alms of several grave persons, who all replied that if he continued in that way he would be shut up in a house of correction to teach him how to live.

He then addressed himself to a man who had been discoursing on charity in a large assembly for an hour on end. This orator, glancing at him askance, said:

"What are you doing here? Are you for the good cause?"

"There is no effect without a cause," said Candide modestly. "Everything is necessarily linked up and arranged for the best. It was necessary that I should be expelled from the company of Miss Cunegonde, that I ran the gauntlet, and that I beg my bread until I can earn it; all this could not have happened differently."

"My friend," said the orator, "do you believe that the Pope is Anti-Christ?"

"I had never heard so before," said Candide, "but whether he is or isn't, I am starving."

"You don't deserve to eat," said the other. "Hence, rascal; hence, you wretch; and never come near me again."

The orator's wife thrust her head out of the window and seeing a man who did not believe that the Pope

was Anti-Christ, she poured on his head a full . . . O Heavens! To what excess religious zeal is carried by ladies!

A man who had not been baptised, an honest Anabaptist named Jacques, saw the cruel and ignominious treatment of one of his brothers, a featherless two-legged creature with a soul; he took him home, cleaned him up, gave him bread and beer, presented him with two florins, and even offered to teach him to work at the manufacture of Persian stuffs which are made in Holland. Candide threw himself at the man's feet, exclaiming:

"Doctor Pangloss was right in telling me that all is for the best in this world, for I am vastly more touched by your extreme generosity than by the harshness of the gentleman in the black cloak and his good lady."

The next day when he walked out he met a beggar covered with sores, dull-eyed, with the end of his nose fallen away, his mouth awry, his teeth black, who talked huskily, was tormented with a violent cough and spat out a tooth at every cough.

CHAPTER IV

How Candide met his old master in philosophy, Doctor Pangloss, and what happened

CANDIDE, moved even more by compassion than by horror, gave this horrible beggar the two crowns he had received from the honest Anabaptist, Jacques. The phantom gazed fixedly at him, shed tears and threw its arms round his neck. Candide recoiled in terror.

"Alas!" said the wretch to the other wretch, "don't you recognise your dear Pangloss?"

"What do I hear? You, my dear master! You, in this horrible state! What misfortune has happened to you? Why are you no longer in the noblest of castles? What has become of Miss Cunegonde, the pearl of young ladies, the masterpiece of Nature?"

"I am exhausted," said Pangloss. Candide immediately took him to the Anabaptist's stable, where he gave him a little bread to eat; and when Pangloss had recovered:

"Well!" said he, "Cunegonde?"

"Dead," replied the other.

At this word Candide swooned; his friend restored him to his senses with a little bad vinegar which happened to be in the stable. Candide opened his eyes.

" Cunegonde dead! Ah! best of worlds, where are you? But what illness did she die of? Was it because she saw me kicked out of her father's noble castle?"

" No," said Pangloss. " She was disembowelled by Bulgarian soldiers, after having been raped to the limit of possibility; they broke the Baron's head when he tried to defend her; the Baroness was cut to pieces; my poor pupil was treated exactly like his sister; and as to the castle, there is not one stone standing on another, not a barn, not a sheep, not a duck, not a tree; but we were well avenged, for the Abares did exactly the same to a neighbouring barony which belonged to a Bulgarian Lord."

At this, Candide swooned again; but, having recovered and having said all that he ought to say, he inquired the cause and effect, the sufficient reason which had reduced Pangloss to so piteous a state.

" Alas!" said Pangloss, " 'tis love; love, the consoler of the human race, the preserver of the universe, the soul of all tender creatures, gentle love."

" Alas!" said Candide, " I am acquainted with this love, this sovereign of hearts, this soul of our soul; it has never brought me anything but one kiss and twenty kicks in the backside. How could this beautiful cause produce in you so abominable an effect?"

Pangloss replied as follows:

" My dear Candide! You remember Paquette, the maid-servant of our august Baroness; in her arms I enjoyed the delights of Paradise which have produced the tortures of Hell by which you see I am devoured; she was infected and perhaps is dead. Paquette received this present from a most learned monk, who had it from the source; for he received it from an old countess, who had it from a cavalry captain, who owed it to a marchioness, who derived it from a page, who had received it from a Jesuit, who, when a novice, had it in a direct line from one of the companions of Christopher

Columbus. For my part, I shall not give it to anyone, for I am dying."

"O Pangloss!" exclaimed Candide, "this is a strange genealogy! Wasn't the devil at the root of it?"

"Not at all," replied that great man. "It was something indispensable in this best of worlds, a necessary ingredient; for, if Columbus in an island of America had not caught this disease, which poisons the source of generation, and often indeed prevents generation, we should not have chocolate and cochineal; it must also be noticed that hitherto in our continent this disease is peculiar to us, like theological disputes. The Turks, the Indians, the Persians, the Chinese, the Siamese and the Japanese are not yet familiar with it; but there is a sufficient reason why they in their turn should become familiar with it in a few centuries. Meanwhile, it has made marvellous progress among us, and especially in those large armies composed of honest, well-bred stipendiaries who decide the destiny of States; it may be asserted that when thirty thousand men fight a pitched battle against an equal number of troops, there are about twenty thousand with the pox on either side."

"Admirable!" said Candide. "But you must get cured."

"How can I?" said Pangloss. "I haven't a sou, my friend, and in the whole extent of this globe, you cannot be bled or receive an enema without paying or without someone paying for you."

This last speech determined Candide; he went and threw himself at the feet of his charitable Anabaptist, Jacques, and drew so touching a picture of the state to which his friend was reduced that the good easy man did not hesitate to succour Pangloss; he had him cured at his own expense. In this cure Pangloss only lost one eye and one ear. He could write well and knew arithmetic perfectly. The Anabaptist made him his bookkeeper. At the end of two months he was compelled

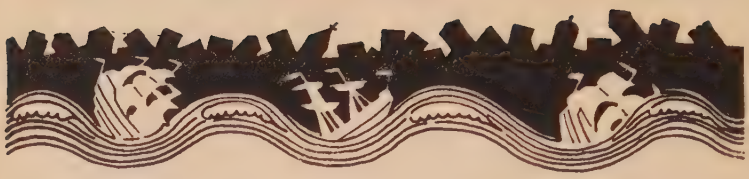
Have they always been Liars Cheats Traitors Brigands Whore
Flights Cowardly Evilness Gluttonous Drunken Gossiping Vicious
Bloody Backbiting Debauched Fanatical Hypocritical and Filthy

to go to Lisbon on business and took his two philosophers on the boat with him. Pangloss explained to him how everything was for the best. Jacques was not of this opinion.

"Men," said he, "must have corrupted nature a little, for they were not born wolves, and they have become wolves. God did not give them twenty-four-pounder cannons or bayonets, and they have made bayonets and cannons to destroy each other. I might bring bankruptcies into the account and Justice which seizes the goods of bankrupts in order to deprive the creditors of them."

"It was all indispensable," replied the one-eyed doctor, "and private misfortunes make the public good, so that the more private misfortunes there are, the more everything is well."

While he was reasoning, the air grew dark, the winds blew from the four quarters of the globe and the ship was attacked by the most horrible tempest in sight of the port of Lisbon.



CHAPTER V

Storm, shipwreck, earthquake, and what happened to Dr. Pangloss, to Candide and the Anabaptist Jacques

HALF the enfeebled passengers, suffering from that inconceivable anguish which the rolling of a ship causes in the nerves and in all the humours of bodies shaken in contrary directions, did not retain strength enough even to trouble about the danger. The other half screamed and prayed; the sails were torn, the masts broken, the vessel was leaking. Those worked who could, no one co-operated, no one commanded. The Anabaptist tried to help the crew a little; he was on the main-deck; a furious sailor struck him violently and stretched him on the deck; but the blow he delivered gave him so violent a shock that he fell head-first out of the ship. He remained hanging and clinging to part of the broken mast. The good Jacques ran to his aid, helped him to climb back, and from the effort he made was flung into the sea in full view of the sailor, who allowed him to drown without condescending even to look at him. Candide came up, saw his benefactor reappear for a moment and then be engulfed for ever. He tried to throw himself after him into the sea; he was prevented by the philosopher Pangloss, who proved to him that the Lisbon roads had been expressly created for the Anabaptist to be drowned in them. While he was proving this *a priori*, the vessel sank, and everyone perished except Pangloss, Candide and the brutal sailor who had drowned the

virtuous Anabaptist; the blackguard swam successfully to the shore and Pangloss and Candide were carried there on a plank.

When they had recovered a little, they walked toward Lisbon; they had a little money by the help of which they hoped to be saved from hunger after having escaped the storm.

Weeping the death of their benefactor, they had scarcely set foot in the town when they felt the earth tremble under their feet; the sea rose in foaming masses in the port and smashed the ships which rode at anchor. Whirlwinds of flame and ashes covered the streets and squares; the houses collapsed, the roofs were thrown upon the foundations, and the foundations were scattered; thirty thousand inhabitants of every age and both sexes were crushed under the ruins. Whistling and swearing, the sailor said:

"There'll be something to pick up here."

"What can be the sufficient reason for this phenomenon?" said Pangloss.

"It is the last day!" cried Candide.

The sailor immediately ran among the debris, dared death to find money, found it, seized it, got drunk, and having slept off his wine, purchased the favours of the first woman of good-will he met on the ruins of the houses and among the dead and dying. Pangloss, however, pulled him by the sleeve.

"My friend," said he, "this is not well, you are disregarding universal reason, you choose the wrong time."

"Blood and 'ounds!" he retorted, "I am a sailor and I was born in Batavia; four times have I stamped on the crucifix during four voyages to Japan;[1] you have found the right man for your universal reason!"

[1] After a conspiracy of Christians in Japan, all foreigners were expelled. The Dutch, who had revealed the plot to the Emperor of Japan, alone were permitted to remain, on condition that they gave up all signs of Christianity and stamped on the crucifix.

Candide had been hurt by some falling stones; he lay in the street covered with debris. He said to Pangloss:

"Alas! Get me a little wine and oil; I am dying."

"This earthquake is not a new thing," replied Pangloss. "The town of Lima felt the same shocks in America last year; similar causes produce similar effects; there must certainly be a train of sulphur underground from Lima to Lisbon."

"Nothing is more probable," replied Candide; "but, for God's sake, a little oil and wine."

"What do you mean, probable?" replied the philosopher; "I maintain that it is proved."

Candide lost consciousness, and Pangloss brought him a little water from a neighbouring fountain.

Next day they found a little food as they wandered among the ruins and regained a little strength. Afterwards they worked like others to help the inhabitants who had escaped death. Some citizens they had assisted gave them as good a dinner as could be expected in such a disaster; true, it was a dreary meal; the hosts watered their bread with their tears, but Pangloss consoled them by assuring them that things could not be otherwise.

"For," said he, "all this is for the best; for, if there is a volcano at Lisbon, it cannot be anywhere else; for it is impossible that things should not be where they are; for all is well."

A little, dark man, a familiar of the Inquisition, who sat beside him, politely took up the conversation, and said:

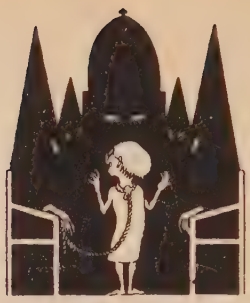
"Apparently you do not believe in original sin; for, if everything is for the best, there was neither fall nor punishment."

"I most humbly beg your excellency's pardon," replied Pangloss still more politely, "for the fall of man and the curse necessarily entered into the best of all possible worlds."

"Then you do not believe in free-will?" said the familiar.

"Your excellency will pardon me," said Pangloss; "free-will can exist with absolute necessity; for it was necessary that we should be free; for in short, limited will . . ."

Pangloss was in the middle of his phrase when the familiar nodded to his armed attendant who was pouring out port or Oporto wine for him.



CHAPTER VI

How a splendid auto-da-fé was held to prevent earthquakes, and how Candide was flogged

AFTER the earthquake which destroyed three-quarters of Lisbon, the wise men of that country could discover no more efficacious way of preventing a total ruin than by giving the people a splendid *auto-da-fé*. It was decided by the university of Coimbre that the sight of several persons being slowly burned in great ceremony is an infallible secret for preventing earthquakes.

Consequently they had arrested a Biscayan convicted of having married his fellow-godmother, and two Portuguese who, when eating a chicken, had thrown away the bacon; after dinner they came and bound Dr. Pangloss and his disciple Candide, one because he had spoken and the other because he had listened with an air of approbation; they were both carried separately to extremely cool apartments, where there was never any discomfort from the sun; a week afterwards each was dressed in a sanbenito and their heads were ornamented with paper mitres; Candide's mitre and sanbenito were painted with flames upside down and with devils who had neither tails nor claws; but Pangloss's devils had claws and tails, and his flames were upright.

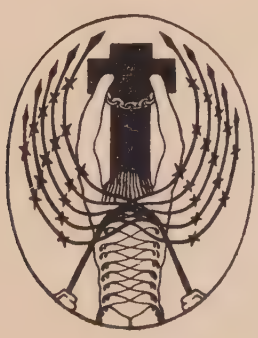
Dressed in this manner they marched in procession and listened to a most pathetic sermon, followed by lovely plain-song music. Candide was flogged in time to the music, while the singing went on; the Biscayan and the two men who had not wanted to eat bacon were burned, and Pangloss was hanged, although this is not the custom. The very same day, the earth shook again with a terrible clamour.

Candide, terrified, dumbfounded, bewildered, covered with blood, quivering from head to foot, said to himself:

"If this is the best of all possible worlds, what are the others? Let it pass that I was flogged, for I was flogged by the Bulgarians, but, O my dear Pangloss! The greatest of philosophers! Must I see you hanged without knowing why! O my dear Anabaptist! The best of men! Was it necessary that you should be drowned in port! O Miss Cunegonde! The pearl of women! Was it necessary that your belly should be slit!"

He was returning, scarcely able to support himself, preached at, flogged, absolved and blessed, when an old woman accosted him and said:

"Courage, my son, follow me."



CHAPTER VII

How an old woman took care of Candide and how he regained that which he loved

CANDIDE did not take courage, but he followed the old woman to a hovel; she gave him a pot of ointment to rub on, and left him food and drink; she pointed out a fairly clean bed; near the bed there was a suit of clothes.

"Eat, drink, sleep," said she, "and may our Lady of Atocha, my Lord Saint Anthony of Padua and my Lord Saint James of Compostella take care of you; I shall come back to-morrow."

Candide, still amazed by all he had seen, by all he had suffered, and still more by the old woman's charity, tried to kiss her hand.

"'Tis not my hand you should kiss," said the old woman, "I shall come back to-morrow. Rub on the ointment, eat and sleep."

In spite of all his misfortune, Candide ate and went to sleep. Next day the old woman brought him breakfast, examined his back and smeared him with another ointment; later she brought him dinner, and returned in the evening with supper. The next day she went through the same ceremony.

"Who are you?" Candide kept asking her. "Who

has inspired you with so much kindness? How can I thank you?"

The good woman never made any reply; she returned in the evening without any supper.

"Come with me," said she, "and do not speak a word."

She took him by the arm and walked into the country with him for about a quarter of a mile; they came to an isolated house, surrounded with gardens and canals. The old woman knocked at a little door. It was opened; she led Candide up a back stairway into a gilded apartment, left him on a brocaded sofa, shut the door and went away. Candide thought he was dreaming, and felt that his whole life was a bad dream and the present moment an agreeable dream.

The old woman soon reappeared; she was supporting with some difficulty a trembling woman of majestic stature, glittering with precious stones and covered with a veil.

"Remove the veil," said the old woman to Candide. The young man advanced and lifted the veil with a timid hand. What a moment! What a surprise! He thought he saw Miss Cunegonde, in fact he was looking at her, it was she herself. His strength failed him, he could not utter a word and fell at her feet. Cunegonde fell on the sofa. The old woman dosed them with distilled waters; they recovered their senses and began to speak: at first they uttered only broken words, questions and answers at cross purposes, sighs, tears, exclamations. The old woman advised them to make less noise and left them alone.

"What! Is it you?" said Candide. "You are alive, and I find you here in Portugal! Then you were not raped? Your belly was not slit, as the philosopher Pangloss assured me?"

"Yes, indeed," said the fair Cunegonde; "but those two accidents are not always fatal."

" But your father and mother were killed ? "

" 'Tis only too true," said Cunegonde, weeping.

" And your brother ? "

" My brother was killed too."

" And why are you in Portugal ? And how did you know I was here ? And by what strange adventure have you brought me to this house ? "

" I will tell you everything," replied the lady, " but first of all you must tell me everything that has happened to you since the innocent kiss you gave me and the kicks you received."

Candide obeyed with profound respect ; and, although he was bewildered, although his voice was weak and trembling, although his back was still a little painful, he related in the most natural manner all he had endured since the moment of their separation. Cunegonde raised her eyes to Heaven ; she shed tears at the death of the good Anabaptist and Pangloss, after which she spoke as follows to Candide, who did not miss a word and devoured her with his eyes.

CHAPTER VIII

Cunegonde's Story

"I WAS fast asleep in bed when it pleased Heaven to send the Bulgarians to our noble castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh; they murdered my father and brother and cut my mother to pieces. A large Bulgarian six feet tall, seeing that I had swooned at the spectacle, began to rape me; this brought me to, I recovered my senses, I screamed, I struggled, I bit, I scratched, I tried to tear out the big Bulgarian's eyes, not knowing that what was happening in my father's castle was a matter of custom; the brute stabbed me with a knife in the left side where I still have the scar."

"Alas! I hope I shall see it," said the naïf Candide.

"You shall see it," said Cunegonde, "but let me go on."

"Go on," said Candide.

She took up the thread of her story as follows:

"A Bulgarian captain came in, saw me covered with blood, and the soldier did not disturb himself. The captain was angry at the brute's lack of respect to him, and killed him on my body. Afterwards, he had me bandaged and took me to his billet as a prisoner of war. I washed the few shirts he had and did the cooking; I

must admit he thought me very pretty; and I will not deny that he was very well built and that his skin was white and soft; otherwise he had little wit and little philosophy; it was plain that he had not been brought up by Dr. Pangloss. At the end of three months he lost all his money and got tired of me; he sold me to a Jew named Don Issachar, who traded in Holland and Portugal and had a passion for women. This Jew devoted himself to my person but he could not triumph over it; I resisted him better than the Bulgarian soldier; a lady of honour may be raped once, but it strengthens her virtue. In order to subdue me, the Jew brought me to this country house. Up till then I believed that there was nothing on earth so splendid as the castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh; I was undeceived.

"One day the Grand Inquisitor noticed me at Mass; he ogled me continually and sent a message that he wished to speak to me on secret affairs. I was taken to his palace; I informed him of my birth; he pointed out how much it was beneath my rank to belong to an Israelite. A proposition was made on his behalf to Don Issachar to give me up to His Lordship. Don Issachar, who is the court banker and a man of influence, would not agree. The Inquisitor threatened him with an *auto-da-fé*. At last the Jew was frightened and made a bargain whereby the house and I belong to both in common. The Jew has Mondays, Wednesdays and the Sabbath day, and the Inquisitor has the other days of the week. This arrangement has lasted for six months. It has not been without quarrels; for it has often been debated whether the night between Saturday and Sunday belonged to the old law or the new. For my part, I have hitherto resisted them both; and I think that is the reason why they still love me.

"At last My Lord the Inquisitor was pleased to arrange an *auto-da-fé* to remove the scourge of earthquakes and to intimidate Don Issachar. He honoured

me with an invitation. I had an excellent seat; and refreshments were served to the ladies between the Mass and the execution. I was indeed horror-stricken when I saw the burning of the two Jews and the honest Biscayan who had married his fellow-godmother; but what was my surprise, my terror, my anguish, when I saw in a sanbenito and under a mitre a face which resembled Pangloss's! I rubbed my eyes, I looked carefully, I saw him hanged; and I fainted. I had scarcely recovered my senses when I saw you stripped naked; that was the height of horror, of consternation, of grief and despair. I will frankly tell you that your skin is even whiter and of a more perfect tint than that of my Bulgarian captain. This spectacle redoubled all the feelings which crushed and devoured me. I exclaimed, I tried to say: 'Stop, barbarians!' but my voice failed and my cries would have been useless. When you had been well flogged, I said to myself: 'How does it happen that the charming Candide and the wise Pangloss are in Lisbon, the one to receive a hundred lashes, and the other to be hanged, by order of My Lord the Inquisitor, whose darling I am? Pangloss deceived me cruelly when he said that all is for the best in the world.'

"I was agitated, distracted, sometimes beside myself and sometimes ready to die of faintness, and my head was filled with the massacre of my father, of my mother, of my brother, the insolence of my horrid Bulgarian soldier, the gash he gave me, my slavery, my life as a kitchen-wench, my Bulgarian captain, my horrid Don Issachar, my abominable Inquisitor, the hanging of Dr. Pangloss, that long plain-song *miserere* during which you were flogged, and above all the kiss I gave you behind the screen that day when I saw you for the last time. I praised God for bringing you back to me through so many trials, I ordered my old woman to take care of you and to bring you here as soon as she could. She

has carried out my commission very well; I have enjoyed the inexpressible pleasure of seeing you again, of listening to you, and of speaking to you. You must be very hungry; I have a good appetite; let us begin by having supper."

Both sat down to supper; and after supper they returned to the handsome sofa we have already mentioned; they were still there when Signor Don Issachar, one of the masters of the house, arrived. It was the day of the Sabbath. He came to enjoy his rights and to express his tender love.

CHAPTER IX

What happened to Cunegonde, to Candide, to the Grand Inquisitor and to a Jew

THIS Issachar was the most choleric Hebrew who had been seen in Israel since the Babylonian captivity.

"What!" said he. "Bitch of a Galilean, isn't it enough to have the Inquisitor? Must this scoundrel share with me too?"

So saying, he drew a long dagger which he always carried and, thinking that his adversary was unarmed, threw himself upon Candide; but our good Westphalian had received an excellent sword from the old woman along with his suit of clothes. He drew his sword, and although he had a most gentle character, laid the Israelite stone-dead on the floor at the feet of the fair Cunegonde.

"Holy Virgin!" she exclaimed, "what will become of us? A man killed in my house! If the police come we are lost."

"If Pangloss had not been hanged," said Candide, "he would have given us good advice in this extremity, for he was a great philosopher. In default of him, let us consult the old woman."

She was extremely prudent and was beginning to give her advice when another little door opened. It was an hour after midnight, and Sunday was beginning.

This day belonged to My Lord the Inquisitor. He came in and saw the flogged Candide sword in hand, a corpse lying on the ground, Cunegonde in terror, and the old woman giving advice.

At this moment, here is what happened in Candide's soul and the manner of his reasoning:

"If this holy man calls for help, he will infallibly have me burned; he might do as much to Cunegonde; he had me pitilessly lashed; he is my rival; I am in the mood to kill, there is no room for hesitation."

His reasoning was clear and swift; and, without giving the Inquisitor time to recover from his surprise, he pierced him through and through and cast him beside the Jew.

"Here's another," said Cunegonde, "there is no chance of mercy; we are excommunicated, our last hour has come. How does it happen that you, who were born so mild, should kill a Jew and a prelate in two minutes?"

"My dear young lady," replied Candide, "when a man is in love, jealous, and has been flogged by the Inquisition, he is beside himself."

The old woman then spoke up and said:

"In the stable are three Andalusian horses, with their saddles and bridles; let the brave Candide prepare them; madam has moidores and diamonds; let us mount quickly, although I can only sit on one buttock, and go to Cadiz; the weather is beautifully fine, and it is most pleasant to travel in the coolness of the night."

Candide immediately saddled the three horses. Cunegonde, the old woman and he rode thirty miles without stopping.

While they were riding away, the Holy Hermandad arrived at the house; My Lord was buried in a splendid church and Issachar was thrown into a sewer.

Candide, Cunegonde and the old woman had already reached the little town of Avacena in the midst of the mountains of the Sierra Morena; and they talked in their inn as follows.

Te Deums were sung in both camps

CHAPTER X

How Candide, Cunegonde and the old woman arrived at Cadiz in great distress, and how they embarked

"WHO can have stolen my pistoles and my diamonds?" said Cunegonde, weeping. "How shall we live? What shall we do? Where shall we find Inquisitors and Jews to give me others?"

"Alas!" said the old woman, "I strongly suspect a reverend Franciscan father who slept in the same inn at Badajoz with us; Heaven forbid that I should judge rashly! But he twice came into our room and left long before we did."

"Alas!" said Candide, "the good Pangloss often proved to me that this world's goods are common to all men and that everyone has an equal right to them. According to these principles the monk should have left us enough to continue our journey. Have you nothing left then, my fair Cunegonde?"

"Not a maravedi," said she.

"What are we to do?" said Candide.

"Sell one of the horses," said the old woman. "I will ride postillion behind Miss Cunegonde, although I can only sit on one buttock, and we will get to Cadiz."

In the same hotel there was a Benedictine friar. He bought the horse very cheap. Candide, Cunegonde and the old woman passed through Lucena, Chillas, Lebrixa, and at last reached Cadiz. A fleet was there being equipped and troops were being raised to bring to reason the reverend Jesuit fathers of Paraguay, who were accused of causing the revolt of one of their tribes against the

kings of Spain and Portugal near the town of Sacramento. Candide, having served with the Bulgarians, went through the Bulgarian drill before the general of the little army with so much grace, celerity, skill, pride and agility, that he was given the command of an infantry company. He was now a captain; he embarked with Miss Cunegonde, the old woman, two servants, and the two Andalusian horses which had belonged to the Grand Inquisitor of Portugal.

During the voyage they had many discussions about the philosophy of poor Pangloss.

"We are going to a new world," said Candide, "and no doubt it is there that everything is for the best; for it must be admitted that one might lament a little over the physical and moral happenings in our own world."

"I love you with all my heart," said Cunegonde, "but my soul is still shocked by what I have seen and undergone."

"All will be well," replied Candide; "the sea in this new world already is better than the seas of our Europe; it is calmer and the winds are more constant. It is certainly the new world which is the best of all possible worlds."

"God grant it!" said Cunegonde, "but I have been so horribly unhappy in mine that my heart is nearly closed to hope."

"You complain," said the old woman to them. "Alas! you have not endured such misfortunes as mine."

Cunegonde almost laughed and thought it most amusing of the old woman to assert that she was more unfortunate.

"Alas! my dear," said she, "unless you have been raped by two Bulgarians, stabbed twice in the belly, have had two castles destroyed, two fathers and mothers murdered before your eyes, and have seen two of your lovers flogged in an *auto-da-fé*, I do not see how you can

surpass me; moreover, I was born a Baroness with seventy-two quarterings and I have been a kitchen-wench."

"You do not know my birth," said the old woman, "and if I showed you my backside you would not talk as you do and you would suspend your judgment."

This speech aroused intense curiosity in the minds of Cunegonde and Candide. And the old woman spoke as follows.

CHAPTER XI

The old woman's story

"MY eyes were not always bloodshot and red-rimmed; my nose did not always touch my chin and I was not always a servant. I am the daughter of Pope Urban X and the Princess of Palestrina.[1] Until I was fourteen I was brought up in a palace to which all the castles of your German Barons would not have served as stables; and one of my dresses cost more than all the magnificence of Westphalia. I increased in beauty, in grace, in talents, among pleasures, respect and hopes; already I inspired love, my breasts were forming; and what breasts! White, firm, carved like those of the Venus de' Medici. And what eyes! What eyelids! What black eyebrows! What fire shone from my two eyeballs, and dimmed the glitter of the stars, as the local poets pointed out to me. The women who dressed and undressed me fell into ecstasy when they beheld me in front and behind; and all the men would have liked to be in their place.

"I was betrothed to a ruling prince of Massa-Carrara. What a prince! As beautiful as I was, formed of gentleness and charms, brilliantly witty and burning with love; I loved him with a first love, idolatrously and extravagantly. The marriage ceremonies were arranged with unheard-of pomp and magnificence; there were continual fêtes, revels and comic operas; all Italy wrote sonnets for me, and not a good one among them.

[1] A posthumously printed note of Voltaire's on this passage runs as follows: "Notice the author's extreme discretion; up till now there has never been any Pope called Urban X; he shrank from giving a bastard to a known Pope. What circumspection! What conscientious delicacy!"

"I touched the moment of my happiness when an old marchioness who had been my prince's mistress invited him to take chocolate with her; less than two hours afterwards he died in horrible convulsions; but that is only a trifle. My mother was in despair, though less distressed than I, and wished to absent herself for a time from a place so disastrous. She had a most beautiful estate near Gaeta; we embarked on a galley, gilded like the altar of St. Peter's at Rome. A Salle pirate swooped down and boarded us; our soldiers defended us like soldiers of the Pope; they threw down their arms, fell on their knees and asked the pirates for absolution *in articulo mortis*.

"They were immediately stripped as naked as monkeys and my mother, our ladies of honour and myself as well. The diligence with which these gentlemen strip people is truly admirable; but I was still more surprised by their inserting a finger in a place belonging to all of us where we women usually only allow the end of a syringe. This appeared to me a very strange ceremony; but that is how we judge everything when we leave our own country. I soon learned that it was to find out if we had hidden any diamonds there; 'tis a custom established from time immemorial among the civilised nations who roam the seas. I have learned that the religious Knights of Malta never fail in it when they capture Turks and Turkish women; this is an international law which has never been broken.

"I will not tell you how hard it is for a young princess to be taken with her mother as a slave to Morocco; you will also guess all we had to endure in the pirates' ship. My mother was still very beautiful; our ladies of honour, even our waiting-maids possessed more charms than could be found in all Africa; and I was ravishing, I was beauty, grace itself, and I was a virgin; I did not remain so long; the flower which had been reserved for the handsome prince of Massa-Carrara was ravished from

me by a pirate captain; he was an abominable negro who thought he was doing me a great honour. The Princess of Palestrina and I must indeed have been strong to bear up against all we endured before our arrival in Morocco! But let that pass; these things are so common that they are not worth mentioning.

"Morocco was swimming in blood when we arrived. The fifty sons of the Emperor Muley Ismael had each a faction; and this produced fifty civil wars, of blacks against blacks, browns against browns, mulattoes against mulattoes. There was continual carnage throughout the whole extent of the empire.

"Scarcely had we landed when the blacks of a party hostile to that of my pirate arrived with the purpose of depriving him of his booty. After the diamonds and the gold, we were the most valuable possessions. I witnessed a fight such as is never seen in your European climates. The blood of the northern peoples is not sufficiently ardent; their madness for women does not reach the point which is common in Africa. The Europeans seem to have milk in their veins; but vitriol and fire flow in the veins of the inhabitants of Mount Atlas and the neighbouring countries. They fought with the fury of the lions, tigers and serpents of the country to determine who should have us. A Moor grasped my mother by the right arm, my captain's lieutenant held her by the left arm; a Moorish soldier held one leg and one of our pirates seized the other. In a moment nearly all our women were seized in the same way by four soldiers. My captain kept me hidden behind him; he had a scimitar in his hand and killed everybody who opposed his fury. I saw my mother and all our Italian women torn in pieces, gashed, massacred by the monsters who disputed them. The prisoners, my companions, those who had captured them, soldiers, sailors, blacks, browns, whites, mulattoes and finally my captain were all killed and I remained expiring on a heap of corpses.

As everyone knows, such scenes go on in an area of more than three hundred square leagues and yet no one ever fails to recite the five daily prayers ordered by Mahomet.

" With great difficulty I extricated myself from the bloody heaps of corpses and dragged myself to the foot of a large orange-tree on the bank of a stream; there I fell down with terror, weariness, horror, despair and hunger. Soon afterwards, my exhausted senses fell into a sleep which was more like a swoon than repose. I was in this state of weakness and insensibility between life and death when I felt myself oppressed by something which moved on my body. I opened my eyes and saw a white man of good appearance who was sighing and muttering between his teeth: *O che sciagura d'essere senza coglioni!*

CHAPTER XII

Continuation of the old woman's misfortunes

"AMAZED and delighted to hear my native language, and not less surprised at the words spoken by this man, I replied that there were greater misfortunes than that of which he complained. In a few words I informed him of the horrors I had undergone and then swooned again. He carried me to a neighbouring house, had me put to bed, gave me food, waited on me, consoled me, flattered me, told me he had never seen anyone so beautiful as I, and that he had never so much regretted that which no one could give back to him.

"'I was born at Naples,' he said, 'and every year they make two or three thousand children there into capons; some die of it, others acquire voices more beautiful than women's, and others become the governors of States. This operation was performed upon me with very great success and I was a musician in the chapel of the Princess of Palestrina.'

"'Of my mother,' I exclaimed.

"'Of your mother!' cried he, weeping. 'What! Are you that young princess I brought up to the age of six and who even then gave promise of being as beautiful as you are?'

"'I am! my mother is four hundred yards from here, cut into quarters under a heap of corpses. . . .'

"I related all that had happened to me; he also told me his adventures and informed me how he had been sent to the King of Morocco by a Christian power to make a treaty with that monarch whereby he was supplied

with powder, cannons and ships to help to exterminate the commerce of other Christians.

"'My mission is accomplished,' said this honest eunuch, 'I am about to embark at Ceuta and I will take you back to Italy *Ma che sciagura d'essere senza coglioni!*'

"I thanked him with tears of gratitude; and instead of taking me back to Italy he conducted me to Algiers and sold me to the Dey. I had scarcely been sold when the plague which had gone through Africa, Asia and Europe broke out furiously in Algiers. You have seen earthquakes; but have you ever seen the plague?"

"Never," replied the Baroness.

"If you had," replied the old woman, "you would admit that it is much worse than an earthquake. It is very common in Africa; I caught it. Imagine the situation of a Pope's daughter aged fifteen, who in three months had undergone poverty and slavery, had been raped nearly every day, had seen her mother cut into four pieces, had undergone hunger and war, and was now dying of the plague in Algiers. However, I did not die; but my eunuch and the Dey and almost all the seraglio of Algiers perished.

"When the first ravages of this frightful plague were over, the Dey's slaves were sold. A merchant bought me and carried me to Tunis; he sold me to another merchant who re-sold me at Tripoli; from Tripoli I was re-sold to Alexandria, from Alexandria re-sold to Smyrna, from Smyrna to Constantinople. I was finally bought by an Aga of the Janizaries, who was soon ordered to defend Azov against the Russians who were besieging it.

"The Aga, who was a man of great gallantry, took his whole seraglio with him, and lodged us in a little fort on the islands of Palus-Maeotis, guarded by two black eunuchs and twenty soldiers. He killed a prodigious number of Russians, but they returned the com-

pliment as well. Azov was given up to fire and blood, neither sex nor age was pardoned; only our little fort remained; and the enemy tried to reduce it by starving us. The twenty Janizaries had sworn never to surrender us. The extremities of hunger to which they were reduced forced them to eat our two eunuchs for fear of breaking their oath. Some days later they resolved to eat the women.

"We had with us a most pious and compassionate Imam who delivered a fine sermon to them by which he persuaded them not to kill us altogether.

"'Cut,' said he, 'only one buttock from each of these ladies and you will make very good cheer; if you have to return, there will still be as much left in a few days; Heaven will be pleased at so charitable an action and you will be saved.'

"He was very eloquent and persuaded them. This horrible operation was performed upon us; the Imam anointed us with the same balm that is used for children who have just been circumcised; we were all at the point of death.

"Scarcely had the Janizaries finished the meal we had supplied when the Russians arrived in flat-bottomed boats; not a Janizary escaped. The Russians paid no attention to the state we were in. There are French doctors everywhere; one of them who was very skilful, took care of us; he healed us, and I shall remember all my life that, when my wounds were cured, he made propositions to me. For the rest, he told us all to cheer up; he told us that the same thing had happened in several sieges and that it was a law of war.

"As soon as my companions could walk they were sent to Moscow. I fell to the lot of a Boyar who made me his gardener and gave me twenty lashes a day. But at the end of two years this lord was broken on the wheel with thirty other Boyars owing to some court disturbance, and I profited by this adventure; I fled;

I crossed all Russia; for a long time I was servant in an inn at Riga, then at Rostock, at Wismar, at Leipzig, at Cassel, at Utrecht, at Leyden, at the Hague, at Rotterdam; I have grown old in misery and in shame, with only half a backside, always remembering that I was the daughter of a Pope; a hundred times I wanted to kill myself, but I still loved life. This ridiculous weakness is perhaps the most disastrous of our inclinations; for is there anything sillier than to desire to bear continually a burden one always wishes to throw on the ground; to look upon oneself with horror and yet to cling to oneself; in short, to caress the serpent which devours us until he has eaten our heart?

"In the countries it has been my fate to traverse and in the inns where I have served I have seen a prodigious number of people who hated their lives; but I have only seen twelve who voluntarily put an end to their misery: three negroes, four Englishmen, four Genevans and a German professor named Robeck. I ended up as servant to the Jew, Don Issachar; he placed me in your service, my fair young lady; I attached myself to your fate and have been more occupied with your adventures than with my own. I should never even have spoken of my misfortunes, if you had not piqued me a little and if it had not been the custom on board ship to tell stories to pass the time. In short, Miss, I have had experience, I know the world; provide yourself with an entertainment, make each passenger tell you his story; and if there is one who has not often cursed his life, who has not often said to himself that he was the most unfortunate of men, throw me head-first into the sea."

CHAPTER XIII

How Candide was obliged to separate from the fair Cunegonde and the old woman

THE fair Cunegonde, having heard the old woman's story, treated her with all the politeness due to a person of her rank and merit. She accepted the proposition and persuaded all the passengers one after the other to tell her their adventures. She and Candide admitted that the old woman was right.

"It was most unfortunate," said Candide, "that the wise Pangloss was hanged contrary to custom at an *auto-da-fé;* he would have said admirable things about the physical and moral evils which cover the earth and the sea, and I should feel myself strong enough to urge a few objections with all due respect."

While each of the passengers was telling his story the ship proceeded on its way. They arrived at Buenos Ayres. Cunegonde, Captain Candide and the old woman went to call on the governor, Don Fernando d'Ibaraa y Figueora y Mascarenes y Lampourdos y Souza. This gentleman had the pride befitting a man who owned so many names. He talked to men with a most noble disdain, turning his nose up so far, raising

his voice so pitilessly, assuming so imposing a tone, affecting so lofty a carriage, that all who addressed him were tempted to give him a thrashing. He had a furious passion for women. Cunegonde seemed to him the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. The first thing he did was to ask if she were the Captain's wife. The air with which he asked this question alarmed Candide; he did not dare say that she was his wife, because as a matter of fact she was not; he dared not say she was his sister, because she was not that either; and although this official lie was formerly extremely fashionable among the ancients, and might be useful to the moderns, his soul was too pure to depart from truth.

"Miss Cunegonde," said he, "is about to do me the honour of marrying me, and we beg your excellency to be present at the wedding."

Don Fernando d'Ibaraa y Figueora y Mascarenes y Lampourdos y Souza twisted his moustache, smiled bitterly and ordered Captain Candide to go and inspect his company. Candide obeyed; the governor remained with Miss Cunegonde. He declared his passion, vowed that the next day he would marry her publicly, or otherwise, as it might please her charms. Cunegonde asked for a quarter of an hour to collect herself, to consult the old woman and to make up her mind.

The old woman said to Cunegonde:

"You have seventy-two quarterings and you haven't a shilling; it is in your power to be the wife of the greatest Lord in South America, who has an exceedingly fine moustache; is it for you to pride yourself on a rigid fidelity? You have been raped by Bulgarians; a Jew and an Inquisitor have enjoyed your good graces; misfortunes confer certain rights. If I were in your place, I confess I should not have the least scruple in marrying the governor and making Captain Candide's fortune."

While the old woman was speaking with all that prudence which comes from age and experience, they saw a small ship come into the harbour; an Alcayde and some Alguazils were on board, and this is what had happened.

The old woman had guessed correctly that it was a long-sleeved monk who stole Cunegonde's money and jewels at Badajoz, when she was flying in all haste with Candide. The monk tried to sell some of the gems to a jeweller. The merchant recognised them as the property of the Grand Inquisitor. Before the monk was hanged he confessed that he had stolen them; he described the persons and the direction they were taking. The flight of Cunegonde and Candide was already known. They were followed to Cadiz; without any waste of time a vessel was sent in pursuit of them. The vessel was already in the harbour at Buenos Ayres. The rumour spread that an Alcayde was about to land and that he was in pursuit of the murderers of His Lordship the Grand Inquisitor. The prudent old woman saw in a moment what was to be done.

"You cannot escape," she said to Cunegonde, "and you have nothing to fear; you did not kill His Lordship; moreover, the governor is in love with you and will not allow you to be maltreated; stay here."

She ran to Candide at once.

"Fly," said she, "or in an hour's time you will be burned."

There was not a moment to lose; but how could he leave Cunegonde and where could he take refuge?

CHAPTER XIV

How Candide and Cacambo were received by the Jesuits in Paraguay

CANDIDE had brought from Cadiz a valet of a sort which is very common on the coasts of Spain and in the colonies. He was one-quarter Spanish, the child of a half-breed in Tucuman; he had been a choir-boy, a sacristan, a sailor, a monk, a postman, a soldier and a lackey. His name was Cacambo and he loved his master because his master was a very good man. He saddled the two Andalusian horses with all speed.

"Come, master, we must follow the old woman's advice; let us be off and ride without looking behind us."

Candide shed tears.

"O my dear Cunegonde! Must I abandon you just when the governor was about to marry us! Cunegonde, brought here from such a distant land, what will become of you?"

"She will become what she can," said Cacambo. "Women never trouble about themselves; God will see to her; let us be off."

"Where are you taking me? Where are we going? What shall we do without Cunegonde?" said Candide.

"By St. James of Compostella," said Cacambo, "you were going to fight the Jesuits; let us go and fight for them; I know the roads, I will take you to their kingdom, they will be charmed to have a Captain who can drill in the Bulgarian fashion; you will make a pro-

digious fortune; when a man fails in one world, he succeeds in another. 'Tis a very great pleasure to see and do new things."

"Then you have been in Paraguay?" said Candide.

"Yes, indeed," said Cacambo. "I was servitor in the College of the Assumption, and I know the government of *Los Padres* as well as I know the streets of Cadiz. Their government is a most admirable thing. The kingdom is already more than three hundred leagues in diameter and is divided into thirty provinces. *Los Padres* have everything and the people have nothing; 'tis the masterpiece of reason and justice. For my part, I know nothing so divine as *Los Padres* who here make war on the Kings of Spain and Portugal and in Europe act as their confessors; who here kill Spaniards and at Madrid send them to Heaven; all this delights me; come on; you will be the happiest of men. What a pleasure it will be to *Los Padres* when they know there is coming to them a captain who can drill in the Bulgarian manner!"

As soon as they reached the first barrier, Cacambo told the picket that a captain wished to speak to the Commandant. This information was carried to the main guard. A Paraguayan officer ran to the feet of the Commandant to tell him the news. Candide and Cacambo were disarmed and their two Andalusian horses were taken from them. The two strangers were brought in between two ranks of soldiers; the Commandant was at the end, with a three-cornered hat on his head, his gown tucked up, a sword at his side and a spontoon in his hand. He made a sign and immediately the two new-comers were surrounded by twenty-four soldiers. A sergeant told them that they must wait, that the Commandant could not speak to them, that the reverend provincial father did not allow any Spaniard to open his mouth in his presence or to remain more than three hours in the country.

What can be the sufficient reason for this phenomenon?

"And where is the reverend provincial father?" said Cacambo.

"He is on parade after having said Mass, and you will have to wait three hours before you will be allowed to kiss his spurs."

"But," said Cacambo, "the captain, who is dying of hunger just as I am, is not a Spaniard but a German; can we not break our fast while we are waiting for his reverence?"

The sergeant went at once to inform the Commandant of this.

"Blessed be God!" said that lord. "Since he is a German I can speak to him; bring him to my arbour."

Candide was immediately taken to a leafy summer-house decorated with a very pretty colonnade of green marble and gold, and lattices enclosing parrots, humming-birds, colibris, guinea-hens and many other rare birds. An excellent breakfast stood ready in gold dishes; and while the Paraguayans were eating maize from wooden bowls, out of doors and in the heat of the sun, the reverend father Commandant entered the arbour.

He was a very handsome young man, with a full face, a fairly white skin, red cheeks, arched eyebrows, keen eyes, red ears, vermilion lips, a haughty air, but a haughtiness which was neither that of a Spaniard nor of a Jesuit. Candide and Cacambo were given back the arms which had been taken from them and their two Andalusian horses; Cacambo fed them with oats near the arbour, and kept his eye on them for fear of a surprise.

Candide first kissed the hem of the Commandant's gown and then they sat down to table.

"So you are a German?" said the Jesuit in that language.

"Yes, reverend father," said Candide.

As they spoke these words they gazed at each other

with extreme surprise and an emotion they could not control.

"And what part of Germany do you come from?" said the Jesuit.

"From the filthy province of Westphalia," said Candide; "I was born in the castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh."

"Heavens! Is it possible!" cried the Commandant.

"What a miracle!" cried Candide.

"Can it be you?" said the Commandant.

"'Tis impossible!" said Candide.

They both fell over backwards, embraced and shed rivers of tears.

"What! Can it be you, reverend father? You, the fair Cunegonde's brother! You, who were killed by the Bulgarians! You, the son of My Lord the Baron! You, a Jesuit in Paraguay! The world is indeed a strange place! O Pangloss! Pangloss! How happy you would have been if you had not been hanged!"

The Commandant sent away the negro slaves and the Paraguayans who were serving wine in goblets of rock-crystal. A thousand times did he thank God and St. Ignatius; he clasped Candide in his arms; their faces were wet with tears.

"You would be still more surprised, more touched, more beside yourself," said Candide, "if I were to tell you that Miss Cunegonde, your sister, whom you thought disembowelled, is in the best of health."

"Where?"

"In your neighbourhood, with the governor of Buenos Ayres; and I came to make war on you."

Every word they spoke in this long conversation piled marvel on marvel. Their whole souls flew from their tongues, listened in their ears and sparkled in their eyes. As they were Germans, they sat at table for a long time, waiting for the reverend provincial father; and the Commandant spoke as follows to his dear Candide.

CHAPTER XV

How Candide killed his dear Cunegonde's brother

"I SHALL remember all my life the horrible day when I saw my father and mother killed and my sister raped. When the Bulgarians had gone, my adorable sister could not be found, and my mother, my father and I, two maid-servants and three little murdered boys were placed in a cart to be buried in a Jesuit chapel two leagues from the castle of my fathers. A Jesuit sprinkled us with holy water; it was horribly salt; a few drops fell in my eyes; the father noticed that my eyelid trembled, he put his hand on my heart and felt that it was still beating; I was attended to and at the end of three weeks was as well as if nothing had happened. You know, my dear Candide, that I was a very pretty youth, and I became still prettier; and so the Reverend Father Croust, the Superior of the house, was inspired with a most tender friendship for me; he gave me the dress of a novice and some time afterwards I was sent to Rome. The Father General wished to recruit some young German Jesuits. The sovereigns of Paraguay take as few Spanish Jesuits as they can; they prefer foreigners, whom they think they can control better. The Reverend Father General thought me apt to labour in his vineyard. I set off with a Pole and a Tyrolese. When I arrived I was honoured with a subdeaconship and a lieutenancy; I am now colonel and priest. We shall give the King of Spain's troops a warm reception; I guarantee they will be excommunicated and beaten. Providence has sent you here to help us. But is it really true that my

dear sister Cunegonde is in the neighbourhood with the governor of Buenos Ayres?"

Candide assured him on oath that nothing could be truer. Their tears began to flow once more.

The Baron seemed never to grow tired of embracing Candide; he called him his brother, his saviour.

"Ah! My dear Candide," said he, "perhaps we shall enter the town together as conquerors and regain my sister Cunegonde."

"I desire it above all things," said Candide, "for I meant to marry her and I still hope to do so."

"You, insolent wretch!" replied the Baron. "Would you have the impudence to marry my sister who has seventy-two quarterings! I consider you extremely impudent to dare to speak to me of such a foolhardy intention!"

Candide, petrified at this speech, replied:

"Reverend Father, all the quarterings in the world are of no importance; I rescued your sister from the arms of a Jew and an Inquisitor; she is under considerable obligation to me and wishes to marry me. Dr. Pangloss always said that men are equal and I shall certainly marry her."

"We shall see about that, scoundrel!" said the Jesuit Baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, at the same time hitting him violently in the face with the flat of his sword. Candide promptly drew his own and stuck it up to the hilt in the Jesuit Baron's belly, but, as he drew it forth smoking, he began to weep.

"Alas! My God," said he, "I have killed my old master, my friend, my brother-in-law; I am the mildest man in the world and I have already killed three men, two of them priests."

Cacambo, who was acting as sentry at the door of the arbour, ran in.

"There is nothing left for us but to sell our lives dearly," said his master. "Somebody will certainly

come into the arbour and we must die weapon in hand."

Cacambo, who had seen this sort of thing before, did not lose his head; he took off the Baron's Jesuit gown, put it on Candide, gave him the dead man's square bonnet, and made him mount a horse. All this was done in the twinkling of an eye.

"Let us gallop, master; everyone will take you for a Jesuit carrying orders and we shall have passed the frontiers before they can pursue us."

As he spoke these words he started off at full speed and shouted in Spanish:

"Way, way for the Reverend Father Colonel. . . ."

CHAPTER XVI

What happened to the two travellers with two girls, two monkeys, and the savages called Oreillons

CANDIDE and his valet were past the barriers before anybody in the camp knew of the death of the German Jesuit. The vigilant Cacambo had taken care to fill his saddle-bag with bread, chocolate, ham, fruit, and several bottles of wine. On their Andalusian horses they plunged into an unknown country where they found no road.

At last a beautiful plain traversed by streams met their eyes. Our two travellers put their horses to grass. Cacambo suggested to his master that they should eat and set the example.

"How can you expect me to eat ham," said Candide, "when I have killed the son of My Lord the Baron and find myself condemned never to see the fair Cunegonde again in my life? What is the use of prolonging my miserable days since I must drag them out far from her in remorse and despair? And what will the Journal de Trévoux [1] say?"

Speaking thus, he began to eat. The sun was setting. The two wanderers heard faint cries which seemed to be uttered by women. They could not tell whether these were cries of pain or of joy; but they rose hastily with that alarm and uneasiness caused by everything in an unknown country.

These cries came from two completely naked girls who were running gently along the edge of the plain, while two monkeys pursued them and bit their buttocks. Candide was moved to pity; he had learned to shoot

[1] A journal published by the Jesuits.

among the Bulgarians and could have brought down a nut from a tree without touching the leaves. He raised his double-barrelled Spanish gun, fired, and killed the two monkeys.

"God be praised, my dear Cacambo, I have delivered these two poor creatures from a great danger; if I committed a sin by killing an Inquisitor and a Jesuit, I have atoned for it by saving the lives of these two girls. Perhaps they are young ladies of quality and this adventure may be of great advantage to us in this country."

He was going on, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth when he saw the two girls tenderly kissing the two monkeys, shedding tears on their bodies and filling the air with the most piteous cries.

"I did not expect so much human kindliness," he said at last to Cacambo, who replied:

"You have performed a wonderful masterpiece; you have killed the two lovers of these young ladies."

"Their lovers! Can it be possible? You are jesting at me, Cacambo; how can I believe you?"

"My dear master," replied Cacambo, "you are always surprised by everything; why should you think it so strange that in some countries there should be monkeys who obtain ladies' favours? They are quarter men, as I am a quarter Spaniard."

"Alas!" replied Candide, "I remember to have heard Dr. Pangloss say that similar accidents occurred in the past and that these mixtures produce Aigypans, fauns and satyrs; that several eminent persons of antiquity have seen them; but I thought they were fables."

"You ought now to be convinced that it is true," said Cacambo, "and you see how people behave when they have not received a proper education; the only thing I fear is that these ladies may get us into difficulty."

These wise reflections persuaded Candide to leave the

plain and to plunge into the woods. He ate supper there with Cacambo and, after having cursed the Inquisitor of Portugal, the governor of Buenos Ayres and the Baron, they went to sleep on the moss. When they woke up they found they could not move; the reason was that during the night the Oreillons, the inhabitants of the country, to whom they had been denounced by the two ladies, had bound them with ropes made of bark. They were surrounded by fifty naked Oreillons, armed with arrows, clubs and stone hatchets. Some were boiling a large cauldron, others were preparing spits and they were all shouting:

"Here's a Jesuit, here's a Jesuit! We shall be revenged and have a good dinner; let us eat the Jesuit, let us eat the Jesuit!"

"I told you so, my dear master," said Cacambo sadly. "I knew those two girls would play us a dirty trick."

Candide perceived the cauldron and the spits and exclaimed:

"We are certainly going to be roasted or boiled. Ah! What would Dr. Pangloss say if he saw what the pure state of nature is? All is well, granted; but I confess it is very cruel to have lost Miss Cunegonde and to be spitted by the Oreillons."

Cacambo never lost his head.

"Do not despair," he said to the wretched Candide. "I understand a little of their dialect and I will speak to them."

"Do not fail," said Candide, "to point out to them the dreadful inhumanity of cooking men and how very unchristian it is."

"Gentlemen," said Cacambo, "you mean to eat a Jesuit to-day? 'Tis a good deed; nothing could be more just than to treat one's enemies in this fashion. Indeed the law of nature teaches us to kill our neighbour and this is how people behave all over the world. If we do not exert the right of eating our neighbour,

it is because we have other means of making good cheer; but you have not the same resources as we, and it is certainly better to eat our enemies than to abandon the fruits of victory to ravens and crows. But, gentlemen, you would not wish to eat your friends. You believe you are about to place a Jesuit on the spit, and 'tis your defender, the enemy of your enemies, you are about to roast. I was born in your country; the gentleman you see here is my master and, far from being a Jesuit, he has just killed a Jesuit and is wearing his clothes; which is the cause of your mistake. To verify what I say, take his gown, carry it to the first barrier of the kingdom of *Los Padres* and inquire whether my master has not killed a Jesuit officer. It will not take you long and you will have plenty of time to eat us if you find I have lied. But if I have told the truth, you are too well acquainted with the principles of public law, good morals and discipline not to pardon us."

The Oreillons thought this a very reasonable speech; they deputed two of their notables to go with all diligence and find out the truth. The two deputies acquitted themselves of their task like intelligent men and soon returned with the good news.

The Oreillons unbound their two prisoners, overwhelmed them with civilities, offered them girls, gave them refreshment, and accompanied them to the frontiers of their dominions, shouting joyfully:

"He is not a Jesuit, he is not a Jesuit!"

Candide could not cease from wondering at the cause of his deliverance.

"What a nation," said he. "What men! What manners! If I had not been so lucky as to stick my sword through the body of Miss Cunegonde's brother I should infallibly have been eaten. But, after all, there is something good in the pure state of nature, since these people, instead of eating me, offered me a thousand civilities as soon as they knew I was not a Jesuit."

CHAPTER XVII

Arrival of Candide and his valet in the country of Eldorado and what they saw there

WHEN they reached the frontiers of the Oreillons, Cacambo said to Candide:

"You see this hemisphere is no better than the other; take my advice, let us go back to Europe by the shortest road."

"How can we go back," said Candide, "and where can we go? If I go to my own country, the Bulgarians and the Abares are murdering everybody; if I return to Portugal I shall be burned; if we stay here, we run the risk of being spitted at any moment. But how can I make up my mind to leave that part of the world where Miss Cunegonde is living?"

"Let us go to Cayenne," said Cacambo, "we shall find Frenchmen there, for they go all over the world; they might help us. Perhaps God will have pity on us."

It was not easy to go to Cayenne. They knew roughly the direction to take, but mountains, rivers, precipices, brigands and savages were everywhere terrible obstacles. Their horses died of fatigue; their provisions were exhausted; for a whole month they lived on wild fruits and at last found themselves near a little river fringed with cocoanut-trees which supported their lives and their hopes.

Cacambo, who always gave advice as prudent as the old woman's, said to Candide:

"We can go no farther, we have walked far enough; I can see an empty canoe in the bank, let us fill it with cocoanuts, get into the little boat and drift with the

current; a river always leads to some inhabited place. If we do not find anything pleasant, we shall at least find something new."

"Come on then," said Candide, "and let us trust to Providence."

They drifted for some leagues between banks which were sometimes flowery, sometimes bare, sometimes flat, sometimes steep. The river continually became wider; finally it disappeared under an arch of frightful rocks which towered up to the very sky. The two travellers were bold enough to trust themselves to the current under this arch. The stream, narrowed between walls, carried them with horrible rapidity and noise. After twenty-four hours they saw daylight again; but their canoe was wrecked on reefs; they had to crawl from rock to rock for a whole league, and at last they discovered an immense horizon, bordered by inaccessible mountains. The country was cultivated for pleasure as well as for necessity; everywhere the useful was agreeable. The roads were covered or rather ornamented with carriages of brilliant material and shape, carrying men and women of singular beauty, who were rapidly drawn along by large red sheep whose swiftness surpassed that of the finest horses of Andalusia, Tetuan and Mequinez.

"This country," said Candide, "is better than Westphalia."

He landed with Cacambo near the first village he came to. Several children of the village, dressed in torn gold brocade, were playing quoits outside the village. Our two men from the other world amused themselves by looking on; their quoits were large round pieces, yellow, red and green, which shone with peculiar lustre. The travellers were curious enough to pick up some of them; they were of gold, emeralds and rubies, the least of which would have been the greatest ornament in the Mogul's throne.

"No doubt," said Cacambo, "these children are the sons of the King of this country playing at quoits."

At that moment the village schoolmaster appeared to call them into school.

"This," said Candide, "is the tutor of the Royal Family."

The little beggars immediately left their game, abandoning their quoits and everything with which they had been playing. Candide picked them up, ran to the tutor, and presented them to him humbly, giving him to understand by signs that their Royal Highnesses had forgotten their gold and their precious stones. The village schoolmaster smiled, threw them on the ground, gazed for a moment at Candide's face with much surprise and continued on his way.

The travellers did not fail to pick up the gold, the rubies and the emeralds.

"Where are we?" cried Candide. "The children of the King must be well brought up, since they are taught to despise gold and precious stones."

Cacambo was as much surprised as Candide. At last they reached the first house in the village, which was built like a European palace. There were crowds of people round the door and still more inside; very pleasant music could be heard and there was a delicious smell of cooking. Cacambo went up to the door and heard them speaking Peruvian; it was his maternal tongue, for everyone knows that Cacambo was born in a village of Tucuman where nothing else is spoken.

"I will act as your interpreter," he said to Candide; "this is an inn, let us enter."

Immediately two boys and two girls of the inn, dressed in cloth of gold, whose hair was bound up with ribbons, invited them to sit down to the table d'hôte. They served four soups each garnished with two parrots, a boiled condor which weighed two hundred pounds, two roast monkeys of excellent flavour, three hundred colibris

in one dish and six hundred humming-birds in another, exquisite ragouts and delicious pastries, all in dishes of a sort of rock-crystal. The boys and girls brought several sorts of drinks made of sugar-cane.

Most of the guests were merchants and coachmen, all extremely polite, who asked Cacambo a few questions with the most delicate discretion and answered his in a satisfactory manner.

When the meal was over, Cacambo, like Candide, thought he could pay the reckoning by throwing on the table two of the large pieces of gold he had picked up; the host and hostess laughed until they had to hold their sides. At last they recovered themselves.

"Gentlemen," said the host, "we perceive you are strangers; we are not accustomed to seeing them. Forgive us if we began to laugh when you offered us in payment the stones from our highways. No doubt you have none of the money of this country, but you do not need any to dine here. All the hotels established for the utility of commerce are paid for by the government. You have been ill entertained here because this is a poor village; but everywhere else you will be received as you deserve to be."

Cacambo explained to Candide all that the host had said, and Candide listened in the same admiration and disorder with which his friend Cacambo interpreted.

"What can this country be," they said to each other, "which is unknown to the rest of the world and where all nature is so different from ours? Probably it is the country where everything is for the best; for there must be one country of that sort. And, in spite of what Dr. Pangloss said, I often noticed that everything went very ill in Westphalia."

CHAPTER XVIII

What they saw in the land of Eldorado

CACAMBO informed the host of his curiosity, and the host said:

"I am a very ignorant man and am all the better for it; but we have here an old man who has retired from the court and who is the most learned and most communicative man in the kingdom."

And he at once took Cacambo to the old man. Candide now played only the second part and accompanied his valet.

They entered a very simple house, for the door was only of silver and the panelling of the apartments in gold, but so tastefully carved that the richest decorations did not surpass it. The antechamber indeed was only encrusted with rubies and emeralds; but the order with which everything was arranged atoned for this extreme simplicity.

The old man received the two strangers on a sofa padded with colibri feathers, and presented them with drinks in diamond cups; after which he satisfied their curiosity in these words:

"I am a hundred and seventy-two years old and I heard from my late father, the King's equerry, the astonishing revolutions of Peru of which he had been an eye-witness. The kingdom where we now are is

the ancient country of the Incas, who most imprudently left it to conquer part of the world and were at last destroyed by the Spaniards.

"The princes of their family who remained in their native country had more wisdom; with the consent of the nation, they ordered that no inhabitants should ever leave our little kingdom, and this it is that has preserved our innocence and our felicity. The Spaniards had some vague knowledge of this country, which they called Eldorado, and about a hundred years ago an Englishman named Raleigh came very near to it; but, since we are surrounded by inaccessible rocks and precipices, we have hitherto been exempt from the rapacity of the nations of Europe, who have an inconceivable lust for the pebbles and mud of our land and would kill us to the last man to get possession of them."

The conversation was long; it touched upon the form of the government, manners, women, public spectacles and the arts. Finally Candide, who was always interested in metaphysics, asked through Cacambo whether the country had a religion. The old man blushed a little.

"How can you doubt it?" said he. "Do you think we are ingrates?"

Cacambo humbly asked what was the religion of Eldorado. The old man blushed again.

"Can there be two religions?" said he. "We have, I think, the religion of everyone else; we adore God from evening until morning."

"Do you adore only one god?" said Cacambo, who continued to act as the interpreter of Candide's doubts.

"Manifestly," said the old man, "there are not two or three or four. I must confess that the people of your world ask very extraordinary questions."

Candide continued to press the old man with questions; he wished to know how they prayed to God in Eldorado.

"We do not pray," said the good and respectable sage, "we have nothing to ask from him; he has given us everything necessary and we continually give him thanks."

Candide was curious to see the priests; and asked where they were. The good old man smiled.

"My friends," said he, "we are all priests; the King and all the heads of families solemnly sing praises every morning, accompanied by five or six thousand musicians."

"What! Have you no monks to teach, to dispute, to govern, to intrigue and to burn people who do not agree with them?"

"For that, we should have to become fools," said the old man; "here we are all of the same opinion and do not understand what you mean with your monks."

At all this Candide was in an ecstasy and said to himself:

"This is very different from Westphalia and the castle of His Lordship the Baron; if our friend Pangloss had seen Eldorado, he would not have said that the castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh was the best of all that exists on the earth; certainly a man should travel."

After this long conversation the good old man ordered a carriage to be harnessed with six sheep, and gave the two travellers twelve of his servants to take them to court.

"You will excuse me," he said, "if my age deprives me of the honour of accompanying you. The King will receive you in a manner which will not displease you and doubtless you will pardon the customs of the country if any of them disconcert you."

Candide and Cacambo entered the carriage; the six sheep galloped off and in less than four hours they reached the King's palace, which was situated at one end of the capital. The portal was two hundred and twenty feet high and a hundred feet wide; it is impossible to describe its material. Anyone can see the

It pleased Heaven to send the Bulgarians to our noble castle

prodigious superiority it must have over the pebbles and sand we call *gold* and *gems*.

Twenty beautiful maidens of the guard received Candide and Cacambo as they alighted from the carriage, conducted them to the baths and dressed them in robes woven from the down of colibris; after which the principal male and female officers of the Crown led them to his Majesty's apartment through two files of a thousand musicians each, according to the usual custom. As they approached the throne-room, Cacambo asked one of the chief officers how they should behave in his Majesty's presence; whether they should fall on their knees or flat on their faces, whether they should put their hands on their heads or on their backsides; whether they should lick the dust of the throne-room; in a word, what was the ceremony?

"The custom," said the chief officer, "is to embrace the King and to kiss him on either cheek."

Candide and Cacambo threw their arms round his Majesty's neck; he received them with all imaginable favour and politely asked them to supper.

Meanwhile they were carried to see the town, the public buildings rising to the very skies, the market-places ornamented with thousands of columns, the fountains of rose-water and of liquors distilled from sugar-cane, which played continually in the public squares paved with precious stones which emitted a perfume like that of cloves and cinnamon.

Candide asked to see the law-courts; he was told there were none, and that nobody ever went to law. He asked if there were prisons and was told there were none. He was still more surprised and pleased by the palace of sciences, where he saw a gallery two thousand feet long, filled with instruments of mathematics and physics.

After they had explored all the afternoon about a thousandth part of the town, they were taken back to the King. Candide sat down to table with his Majesty,

his valet Cacambo and several ladies. Never was better cheer, and never was anyone wittier at supper than his Majesty. Cacambo explained the King's witty remarks to Candide, and even when translated they still appeared witty. Among all the things which amazed Candide, this did not amaze him the least.

They enjoyed this hospitality for a month. Candide repeatedly said to Cacambo:

"Once again, my friend, it is quite true that the castle where I was born cannot be compared with this country; but then Miss Cunegonde is not here and you probably have a mistress in Europe. If we remain here, we shall only be like everyone else; but if we return to our own world with only twelve sheep laden with Eldorado pebbles, we shall be richer than all the kings put together; we shall have no more Inquisitors to fear and we can easily regain Miss Cunegonde."

Cacambo agreed with this; it is so pleasant to be on the move, to show off before friends, to make a parade of the things seen on one's travels, that these two happy men resolved to be so no longer and to ask his Majesty's permission to depart.

"You are doing a very silly thing," said the King. "I know my country is small; but when we are comfortable anywhere we should stay there; I certainly have not the right to detain foreigners, that is a tyranny which does not exist either in our manners or our laws; all men are free, leave when you please, but the way out is very difficult. It is impossible to ascend the rapid river by which you miraculously came here and which flows under arches of rock. The mountains which surround the whole of my kingdom are ten thousand feet high and as perpendicular as rocks; they are more than ten leagues broad, and you can only get down from them by way of precipices. However, since you must go, I will give orders to the directors of machinery to make a machine which will carry you comfortably.

When you have been taken to the other side of the mountains, nobody can proceed any farther with you; for my subjects have sworn never to pass this boundary and they are too wise to break their oath. Ask anything else of me you wish."

"We ask nothing of your Majesty," said Cacambo, "except a few sheep laden with provisions, pebbles and the mud of this country."

The King laughed.

"I cannot understand," said he, "the taste you people of Europe have for our yellow mud; but take as much as you wish, and much good may it do you."

He immediately ordered his engineers to make a machine to hoist these two extraordinary men out of his kingdom.

Three thousand learned scientists worked at it; it was ready in a fortnight and only cost about twenty million pounds sterling in the money of that country. Candide and Cacambo were placed on the machine; there were two large red sheep saddled and bridled for them to ride on when they had passed the mountains, twenty sumpter sheep laden with provisions, thirty carrying presents of the most curious productions of the country and fifty laden with gold, precious stones and diamonds. The King embraced the two vagabonds tenderly.

Their departure was a splendid sight, and so was the ingenious manner in which they and their sheep were hoisted on to the top of the mountains.

The scientists took leave of them after having landed them safely, and Candide's only desire and object was to go and present Miss Cunegonde with his sheep.

"We have sufficient to pay the governor of Buenos Ayres," said he, "if Miss Cunegonde can be bought. Let us go to Cayenne, and take ship, and then we will see what kingdom we will buy."

CHAPTER XIX

What happened to them at Surinam and how Candide made the acquaintance of Martin

OUR two travellers' first day was quite pleasant. They were encouraged by the idea of possessing more treasures than all Asia, Europe and Africa could collect. Candide in transport carved the name of Cunegonde on the trees.

On the second day two of the sheep stuck in a marsh and were swallowed up with their loads; two other sheep died of fatigue a few days later; then seven or eight died of hunger in a desert; several days afterwards others fell off precipices. Finally, after they had travelled for a hundred days, they had only two sheep left. Candide said to Cacambo:

"My friend, you see how perishable are the riches of this world; nothing is steadfast but virtue and the happiness of seeing Miss Cunegonde again."

"I admit it," said Cacambo, "but we still have

two sheep with more treasures than ever the King of Spain will have, and in the distance I see a town I suspect is Surinam, which belongs to the Dutch. We are at the end of our troubles and the beginning of our happiness."

As they drew near the town they met a negro lying on the ground wearing only half his clothes, that is to say, a pair of blue cotton drawers; this poor man had no left leg and no right hand.

"Good Heavens!" said Candide to him in Dutch, "what are you doing there, my friend, in this horrible state?"

"I am waiting for my master, the famous merchant Mr. Vanderdendur."

"Was it Mr. Vanderdendur," said Candide, "who treated you in this way?"

"Yes, sir," said the negro, "it is the custom. We are given a pair of cotton drawers twice a year as clothing. When we work in the sugar-mills and the grindstone catches our fingers, they cut off the hand; when we try to run away, they cut off a leg. Both these things happened to me. This is the price paid for the sugar you eat in Europe. But when my mother sold me for ten patagons on the coast of Guinea, she said to me: 'My dear child, give thanks to our fetishes, always worship them, and they will make you happy; you have the honour to be a slave of our lords the white men and thereby you have made the fortune of your father and mother.' Alas! I do not know whether I made their fortune, but they certainly did not make mine. Dogs, monkeys and parrots are a thousand times less miserable than we are; the Dutch fetishes who converted me tell me that we are all of us, whites and blacks, the children of Adam. I am not a genealogist, but if these preachers tell the truth, we are all second cousins. Now, you will admit that no one could treat his relatives in a more horrible way."

"O Pangloss!" cried Candide. "This is an abomination you had not guessed; this is too much, in the end I shall have to renounce optimism."

"What is optimism?" said Cacambo.

"Alas!" said Candide, "it is the mania of maintaining that everything is well when we are wretched."

And he shed tears as he looked at his negro; and he entered Surinam weeping.

The first thing they inquired was whether there was any ship in the port which could be sent to Buenos Ayres. The person they addressed happened to be a Spanish captain, who offered to strike an honest bargain with them. He arranged to meet them at an inn. Candide and the faithful Cacambo went and waited for him with their two sheep.

Candide, who blurted everything out, told the Spaniard all his adventures and confessed that he wanted to elope with Miss Cunegonde.

"I shall certainly not take you to Buenos Ayres," said the captain. "I should be hanged, and you would too. The fair Cunegonde is his Lordship's favourite mistress."

Candide was thunderstruck; he sobbed for a long time; then he took Cacambo aside.

"My dear friend," said he, "this is what you must do. We each have in our pockets five or six million pounds worth of diamonds; you are more skilful than I am; go to Buenos Ayres and get Miss Cunegonde. If the governor makes any difficulties, give him a million; if he is still obstinate, give him two; you have not killed an Inquisitor so they will not suspect you. I will fit out another ship, I will go and wait for you at Venice; it is a free country where there is nothing to fear from Bulgarians, Abares, Jews or Inquisitors."

Cacambo applauded this wise resolution; he was in despair at leaving a good master who had become his intimate friend; but the pleasure of being useful to

him overcame the grief of leaving him. They embraced with tears. Candide urged him not to forget the good old woman. Cacambo set off that very same day; he was a very good man, this Cacambo.

Candide remained some time longer at Surinam waiting for another captain to take him to Italy with the two sheep he had left. He engaged servants and bought everything necessary for a long voyage. At last Mr. Vanderdendur, the owner of a large ship, came to see him.

"How much do you want," he asked this man, "to take me straight to Venice with my servants, my baggage and these two sheep?"

The captain asked for ten thousand piastres. Candide did not hesitate.

"Oho!" said the prudent Vanderdendur to himself, "this foreigner gives ten thousand piastres immediately! He must be very rich."

He returned a moment afterwards and said he could not sail for less than twenty thousand.

"Very well, you shall have them," said Candide.

"Whew!" said the merchant to himself, "this man gives twenty thousand piastres as easily as ten thousand."

He came back again, and said he could not take him to Venice for less than thirty thousand piastres.

"Then you shall have thirty thousand," replied Candide.

"Oho!" said the Dutch merchant to himself again, "thirty thousand piastres is nothing to this man; obviously the two sheep are laden with immense treasures; I will not insist any further; first let me make him pay the thirty thousand piastres, and then we will see."

Candide sold two little diamonds, the smaller of which was worth more than all the money the captain asked. He paid him in advance. The two sheep were taken on board. Candide followed in a little boat to join the ship, which rode at anchor; the captain watched his time, set his sails and weighed anchor; the wind was

favourable. Candide, bewildered and stupefied, soon lost sight of him.

"Alas!" he cried, "this is a trick worthy of the old world."

He returned to shore in grief; for he had lost enough to make the fortune of twenty kings.

He went to the Dutch judge; and, as he was rather disturbed, he knocked loudly at the door; he went in, related what had happened and talked a little louder than he ought to have done. The judge began by fining him ten thousand piastres for the noise he had made; he then listened patiently to him, promised to look into his affair as soon as the merchant returned, and charged him another ten thousand piastres for the expenses of the audience.

This behaviour reduced Candide to despair; he had indeed endured misfortunes a thousand times more painful; but the calmness of the judge and of the captain who had robbed him stirred up his bile and plunged him into a black melancholy. The malevolence of men revealed itself to his mind in all its ugliness; he entertained only gloomy ideas. At last a French ship was about to leave for Bordeaux and, since he no longer had any sheep laden with diamonds to put on board, he hired a cabin at a reasonable price and announced throughout the town that he would give the passage, food and two thousand piastres to an honest man who would make the journey with him, on condition that this man was the most unfortunate and the most disgusted with his condition in the whole province.

Such a crowd of applicants arrived that a fleet would not have contained them. Candide, wishing to choose among the most likely, picked out twenty persons who seemed reasonably sociable and who all claimed to deserve his preference. He collected them in a tavern and gave them supper, on condition that each took an oath to relate truthfully the story of his life, promising

that he would choose the man who seemed to him the most deserving of pity and to have the most cause for being discontented with his condition, and that he would give the others a little money.

The sitting lasted until four o'clock in the morning. As Candide listened to their adventures he remembered what the old woman had said on the voyage to Buenos Ayres and how she had wagered that there was nobody on the boat who had not experienced very great misfortunes. At each story which was told him, he thought of Pangloss.

"This Pangloss," said he, "would have some difficulty in supporting his system. I wish he were here. Certainly, if everything is well, it is only in Eldorado and not in the rest of the world."

He finally determined in favour of a poor man of letters who had worked ten years for the booksellers at Amsterdam. He judged that there was no occupation in the world which could more disgust a man.

This man of letters, who was also a good man, had been robbed by his wife, beaten by his son, and abandoned by his daughter, who had eloped with a Portuguese. He had just been deprived of a small post on which he depended and the preachers of Surinam were persecuting him because they thought he was a Socinian.

It must be admitted that the others were at least as unfortunate as he was; but Candide hoped that this learned man would help to pass the time during the voyage. All his other rivals considered that Candide was doing them a great injustice; but he soothed them down by giving each of them a hundred piastres.

CHAPTER XX

What happened to Candide and Martin at sea

SO the old man, who was called Martin, embarked with Candide for Bordeaux. Both had seen and suffered much; and if the ship had been sailing from Surinam to Japan by way of the Cape of Good Hope they would have been able to discuss moral and physical evil during the whole voyage.

However, Candide had one great advantage over Martin, because he still hoped to see Miss Cunegonde again, and Martin had nothing to hope for; moreover, he possessed gold and diamonds; and, although he had lost a hundred large red sheep laden with the greatest treasures on earth, although he was still enraged at being robbed by the Dutch captain, yet when he thought of what he still had left in his pockets and when he talked of Cunegonde, especially at the end of a meal, he still inclined towards the system of Pangloss.

"But what do you think of all this, Martin?" said he to the man of letters. "What is your view of moral and physical evil?"

"Sir," replied Martin, "my priests accused me of being a Socinian; but the truth is I am a Manichæan."

"You are poking fun at me," said Candide, "there are no Manichæans left in the world."

"I am one," said Martin. "I don't know what to do about it, but I am unable to think in any other fashion."

"You must be possessed by the devil," said Candide.

"He takes so great a share in the affairs of this world," said Martin, "that he might well be in me, as he is everywhere else; but I confess that when I consider this globe, or rather this globule, I think that God has abandoned it to some evil creature—always excepting Eldorado. I have never seen a town which did not desire the ruin of the next town, never a family which did not wish to exterminate some other family. Everywhere the weak loathe the powerful before whom they cower and the powerful treat them like flocks of sheep whose wool and flesh are to be sold. A million drilled assassins go from one end of Europe to the other murdering and robbing with discipline in order to earn their bread, because there is no honester occupation; and in the towns which seem to enjoy peace and where the arts flourish men are devoured by more envy, troubles and worries than the afflictions of a besieged town. Secret griefs are even more cruel than public miseries. In a word, I have seen so much and endured so much that I have become a Manichæan."

"Yet there is some good," replied Candide.

"There may be," said Martin, "but I do not know it."

In the midst of this dispute they heard the sound of cannon. The noise increased every moment. Everyone took his telescope. About three miles away they saw two ships engaged in battle; and the wind brought them so near the French ship that they had the pleasure of seeing the fight at their ease. At last one of the two ships fired a broadside so accurately and so low down that the other ship began to sink. Candide and Martin distinctly saw a hundred men on the main deck of the sinking ship; they raised their hands to Heaven

and uttered frightful shrieks; in a moment all were engulfed.

"Well!" said Martin, "that is how men treat each other."

"It is certainly true," said Candide, "that there is something diabolical in this affair."

As he was speaking, he saw something of a brilliant red swimming near the ship. They launched a boat to see what it could be; it was one of his sheep. Candide felt more joy at recovering this sheep than grief at losing a hundred all laden with large diamonds from Eldorado.

The French captain soon perceived that the captain of the remaining ship was a Spaniard and that the sunken ship was a Dutch pirate; the captain was the very same who had robbed Candide. The immense wealth this scoundrel had stolen was swallowed up with him in the sea and only a sheep was saved.

"You see," said Candide to Martin, "that crime is sometimes punished; this scoundrel of a Dutch captain has met the fate he deserved."

"Yes," said Martin, "but was it necessary that the other passengers on his ship should perish too? God punished the thief, and the devil punished the others."

Meanwhile the French and Spanish ships continued on their way and Candide continued his conversation with Martin. They argued for a fortnight, and at the end of the fortnight they had got no further than at the beginning. But after all, they talked, they exchanged ideas, they consoled each other. Candide stroked his sheep.

"Since I have found you again," said he, "I may very likely find Cunegonde."

CHAPTER XXI

Candide and Martin approach the coast of France and argue

AT last they sighted the coast of France.

"Have you ever been to France, Mr. Martin?" said Candide.

"Yes," said Martin, "I have traversed several provinces. In some half the inhabitants are crazy, in others they are too artful, in some they are usually quite gentle and stupid, and in others they think they are clever; in all of them the chief occupation is making love, the second scandal-mongering and the third talking nonsense."

"But, Mr. Martin, have you seen Paris?"

"Yes, I have seen Paris; it is a mixture of all these species; it is a chaos, a throng where everybody hunts for pleasure and hardly anybody finds it, at least so far as I could see. I did not stay there long; when I arrived there I was robbed of everything I had by pickpockets at Saint-Germain's fair; they thought I was a thief and I spent a week in prison; after which I became a printer's reader to earn enough to return to Holland on foot. I met the scribbling rabble, the intriguing rabble and the fanatical rabble. We hear that there are very polite people in the town; I am glad to think so."

"For my part, I have not the least curiosity to see France," said Candide. "You can easily guess that when a man has spent a month in Eldorado he cares to see nothing else in the world but Miss Cunegonde. I shall go and wait for her at Venice; we will go to Italy by way of France; will you come with me?"

"Willingly," said Martin. "They say that Venice is only for the Venetian nobles, but that foreigners are nevertheless well received when they have plenty of money; I have none, you have plenty, I will follow you anywhere."

"Apropos," said Candide, "do you think the earth was originally a sea, as we are assured by that large book [1] belonging to the captain?"

"I don't believe it in the least," said Martin, "any more than all the other whimsies we have been pestered with recently!"

"But to what end was this world formed?" said Candide.

"To infuriate us," replied Martin.

"Are you not very much surprised," continued Candide, "by the love those two girls of the country of the Oreillons had for those two monkeys, whose adventure I told you?"

"Not in the least," said Martin. "I see nothing strange in their passion; I have seen so many extraordinary things that nothing seems extraordinary to me."

"Do you think," said Candide, "that men have always massacred each other, as they do to-day? Have they always been liars, cheats, traitors, brigands, weak, flighty, cowardly, envious, gluttonous, drunken, grasping and vicious, bloody, backbiting, debauched, fanatical, hypocritical and silly?"

"Do you think," said Martin, "that sparrow-hawks have always eaten the pigeons they came across?"

"Yes, of course," said Candide.

"Well," said Martin, "if sparrow-hawks have always possessed the same nature, why should you expect men to change theirs?"

"Oh!" said Candide, "there is a great difference; free-will. . . ."

Arguing thus, they arrived at Bordeaux.

[1] The Bible.

CHAPTER XXII

What happened to Candide and Martin in France

CANDIDE remained in Bordeaux only long enough to sell a few Eldorado pebbles and to provide himself with a two-seated post-chaise, for he could no longer get on without his philosopher Martin; but he was very much grieved at having to part with his sheep, which he left with the Academy of Sciences at Bordeaux. The Academy offered as the subject for a prize that year the cause of the redness of the sheep's fleece; and the prize was awarded to a learned man in the North, who proved by A plus B minus C divided by Z that the sheep must be red and die of the sheep-pox.

However, all the travellers Candide met in taverns on the way said to him: "We are going to Paris." This general eagerness at length made him wish to see that capital; it was not far out of the road to Venice.

He entered by the Faubourg Saint-Marceau and thought he was in the ugliest village of Westphalia.

Candide had scarcely reached his inn when he was attacked by a slight illness caused by fatigue. As he wore an enormous diamond on his finger, and a prodigiously heavy strong-box had been observed in his train, he immediately had with him two doctors he had not asked for, several intimate friends who would not leave him, and two devotees who kept making him broth. Said Martin:

"I remember that I was ill too when I first came to Paris; I was very poor; so I had no friends, no devotees, no doctors, and I got well."

However, with the aid of medicine and blood-letting, Candide's illness became serious. An inhabitant of the district came and gently asked him for a note payable to bearer in the next world; Candide would have nothing to do with it. The devotees assured him that it was a new fashion;[1] Candide replied that he was not a fashionable man. Martin wanted to throw the inhabitant out the window; the clerk swore that Candide should not be buried; Martin swore that he would bury the clerk if he continued to annoy them. The quarrel became heated; Martin took him by the shoulders and turned him out roughly; this caused a great scandal, and they made an official report on it.

Candide got better; and during his convalescence he had very good company to supper with him. They gambled for high stakes. Candide was vastly surprised that he never drew an ace; and Martin was not surprised at all.

Among those who did the honours of the town was a little abbé from Périgord, one of those assiduous people who are always alert, always obliging, impudent, fawning, accommodating, always on the look-out for the arrival of foreigners, ready to tell them all the scandals of the town and to procure them pleasures at any price.

[1] A ticket of confession

I am the daughter of Pope U[illegible] and the Princess of Palestrina
The women fell into ecstasy when they beheld me
All the men would have liked to be in their place
But that is only a trifle
The moment of my happiness ... Less than two hours afterwards
Yet no one ever fails to recite the prayers ordered by Mahomet
The diligence of these gentlemen is truly admirable
These things are so common that they are not worth mentioning
It is much worse than an earthquake ... I caught it
A most pious and compassionate Imam
Is there anything sillier?
A Boyar who made me his gardener

This abbé took Candide and Martin to the theatre. A new tragedy was being played. Candide was seated near several wits. This did not prevent his weeping at perfectly played scenes. One of the argumentative bores near him said during an interval:

"You have no business to weep, this is a very bad actress, the actor playing with her is still worse, the play is still worse than the actors; the author does not know a word of Arabic and yet the scene is in Arabia; moreover, he is a man who does not believe in innate ideas; to-morrow I will bring you twenty articles written against him."

"Sir," said Candide to the abbé, "how many plays have you in France?"

"Five or six thousand," he replied.

"That's a lot," said Candide, "and how many good ones are there?"

"Fifteen or sixteen," replied the other.

"That's a lot," said Martin.

Candide was greatly pleased with an actress who took the part of Queen Elizabeth in a rather dull tragedy which is sometimes played.

"This actress," said he to Martin, "pleases me very much; she looks rather like Miss Cunegonde; I should be very glad to pay her my respects."

The abbé offered to introduce him to her. Candide, brought up in Germany, asked what was the etiquette, and how queens of England were treated in France.

"There is a distinction," said the abbé; "in the provinces we take them to a tavern; in Paris we respect them when they are beautiful and throw them in the public sewer when they are dead."

"Queens in the public sewer!" said Candide.

"Yes, indeed," said Martin, "the abbé is right; I was in Paris when Miss Monime[1] departed, as they

[1] Adrienne Lecouvreur.

say, this life; she was refused what people here call the *honours of burial*—that is to say, the honour of rotting with all the beggars of the district in a horrible cemetery; she was buried by herself at the corner of the Rue de Burgoyne; which must have given her extreme pain, for her mind was very lofty."

"That was very impolite," said Candide.

"What do you expect?" said Martin. "These people are like that. Imagine all possible contradictions and incompatibilities; you will see them in the government, in the law-courts, in the churches and the entertainments of this absurd nation."

"Is it true that people are always laughing in Paris?" said Candide.

"Yes," said the abbé, "but it is with rage in their hearts, for they complain of everything with roars of laughter and they even commit with laughter the most detestable actions."

"Who is that fat pig," said Candide, "who said so much ill of the play I cried at so much and of the actors who gave me so much pleasure?"

"He is a living evil," replied the abbé, "who earns his living by abusing all plays and all books; he hates anyone who succeeds, as eunuchs hate those who enjoy; he is one of the serpents of literature who feed on filth and venom; he is a scribbler."

"What do you mean by a scribbler?" said Candide.

"A scribbler of periodical sheets," said the abbé. "A Fréron."

Candide, Martin and the abbé from Périgord talked in this manner on the stairway as they watched everybody going out after the play.

"Although I am most anxious to see Miss Cunegonde again," said Candide, "I should like to sup with Miss Clairon, for I thought her admirable."

The abbé was not the sort of man to know Miss Clairon, for she saw only good company.

" She is engaged this evening," he said, " but I shall have the honour to take you to the house of a lady of quality, and there you will learn as much of Paris as if you had been here for four years."

Candide, who was naturally curious, allowed himself to be taken to the lady's house at the far end of the Faubourg Saint-Honoré; they were playing faro; twelve gloomy punters each held a small hand of cards, the foolish register of their misfortunes. The silence was profound, the punters were pale, the banker was uneasy, and the lady of the house, seated beside this pitiless banker, watched with lynx's eyes every double stake, every seven-and-the-go, with which each player marked his cards; she had them un-marked with severe but polite attention, for fear of losing her customers; the lady called herself Marquise de Parolignac. Her fifteen-year-old daughter was among the punters and winked to her to let her know the tricks of the poor people who attempted to repair the cruelties of fate. The abbé from Périgord, Candide and Martin entered; nobody rose, nobody greeted them, nobody looked at them; everyone was profoundly occupied with the cards.

" Her Ladyship, the Baroness of Thunder-ten-tronckh was more civil," said Candide.

However, the abbé whispered in the ear of the Marquise, who half rose, honoured Candide with a gracious smile and Martin with a most noble nod. Candide was given a seat and a hand of cards, and lost fifty thousand francs in two hands; after which they supped very merrily and everyone was surprised that Candide was not more disturbed by his loss. The lackeys said to each other, in the language of lackeys:

" He must be an English Milord."

The supper was like most suppers in Paris; first there was a silence and then a noise of indistinguishable words, then jokes, most of which were insipid, false news,

false arguments, some politics and a great deal of scandal; there was even some talk of new books.

"Have you seen," said the abbé from Périgord, "the novel by Gauchat, the doctor of theology?"

"Yes," replied one of the guests, "but I could not finish it. We have a crowd of silly writings, but all of them together do not approach the silliness of Gauchat, doctor of theology. I am so weary of this immensity of detestable books which inundates us that I have taken to faro."

"And what do you say about the *Mélanges* by Archdeacon T.?" said the abbé.

"Ah!" said Madame de Parolignac, "the tiresome creature! How carefully he tells you what everybody knows! How heavily he discusses what is not worth the trouble of being lightly mentioned! How witlessly he appropriates other people's wit! How he spoils what he steals! How he disgusts me! But he will not disgust me any more; it is enough to have read a few pages by the Archdeacon."

There was a man of learning and taste at table who confirmed what the marchioness had said. They then talked of tragedies; the lady asked why there were tragedies which were sometimes played and yet were unreadable. The man of taste explained very clearly how a play might have some interest and hardly any merit; in a few words he proved that it was not sufficient to bring in one or two of the situations which are found in all novels and which always attract the spectators; but that a writer of tragedies must be original without being bizarre, often sublime and always natural, must know the human heart and be able to give it speech, must be a great poet but not let any character in his play appear to be a poet, must know his language perfectly, speak it with purity, with continual harmony and never allow the sense to be spoilt for the sake of the rhyme.

"Anyone," he added, "who does not observe all these rules may produce one or two tragedies applauded in the theatre, but he will never be ranked among good writers; there are very few good tragedies; some are idylls in well-written and well-rhymed dialogue; some are political arguments which send one to sleep, or repulsive amplifications; others are the dreams of an enthusiast, in a barbarous style, with broken dialogue, long apostrophes to the gods (because he does not know how to speak to men), false maxims and turgid commonplaces."

Candide listened attentively to these remarks and conceived a great idea of the speaker; and, as the marchioness had been careful to place him beside her, he leaned over to her ear and took the liberty of asking her who was the man who talked so well.

"He is a man of letters," said the lady, "who does not play cards and is sometimes brought here to supper by the abbé; he has a perfect knowledge of tragedies and books and he has written a tragedy which was hissed and a book of which only one copy has ever been seen outside his bookseller's shop and that was one he gave me."

"The great man!" said Candide. "He is another Pangloss."

Then, turning to him, Candide said:

"Sir, no doubt you think that all is for the best in the physical world and in the moral, and that nothing could be otherwise than as it is?"

"Sir," replied the man of letters, "I do not think anything of the sort. I think everything goes awry with us, that nobody knows his rank or his office, nor what he is doing, nor what he ought to do, and that except at supper, which is quite gay and where there appears to be a certain amount of sociability, all the rest of their time is passed in senseless quarrels: Jansenists with Molinists, lawyers with churchmen, men of letters

with men of letters, courtiers with courtiers, financiers with the people, wives with husbands, relatives with relatives—'tis an eternal war."

Candide replied:

"I have seen worse things; but a wise man, who has since had the misfortune to be hanged, taught me that it is all for the best; these are only the shadows in a fair picture."

"Your wise man who was hanged was poking fun at the world," said Martin; "and your shadows are horrible stains."

"The stains are made by men," said Candide, "and they cannot avoid them."

"Then it is not their fault," said Martin.

Most of the gamblers, who had not the slightest understanding of this kind of talk, were drinking; Martin argued with the man of letters and Candide told the hostess some of his adventures.

After supper the marchioness took Candide into a side room and made him sit down on a sofa.

"Well!" said she, "so you are still madly in love with Miss Cunegonde of Thunder-ten-tronckh?"

"Yes, madam," replied Candide.

The marchioness replied with a tender smile:

"You answer like a young man from Westphalia. A Frenchman would have said: 'It is true that I was in love with Miss Cunegonde, but when I see you, madam, I fear lest I should cease to love her.'"

"Alas! madam," said Candide, "I will answer as you wish."

"Your passion for her," said the marchioness, "began by picking up her handkerchief; I want you to pick up my garter."

"With all my heart," said Candide; and he picked it up.

"But I want you to put it on again," said the lady; and Candide put it on again.

"You see," said the lady, "you are a foreigner; I sometimes make my lovers in Paris languish for a fortnight, but I give myself to you the very first night, because one must do the honours of one's country to a young man from Westphalia."

The fair lady, having perceived two enormous diamonds on the young foreigner's hands, praised them so sincerely that they passed from Candide's fingers to the fingers of the marchioness.

As Candide went home with his abbé from Périgord, he felt some remorse at having been unfaithful to Miss Cunegonde. The abbé sympathised with his distress; he had only had a small share in the fifty thousand francs Candide had lost at cards and in the value of the two half-given, half-extorted diamonds. His plan was to profit as much as he could from the advantages which his acquaintance with Candide might procure for him. He talked a lot about Cunegonde, and Candide told him that he should ask that fair one's forgiveness for his infidelity when he saw her at Venice.

The abbé from Périgord redoubled his politeness and civilities and took a tender interest in all Candide said, in all he did, and in all he wished to do.

"Then, sir," said he, "you are to meet her at Venice?"

"Yes, sir," said Candide, "without fail I must go and meet Miss Cunegonde there."

Then, carried away by the pleasure of talking about the person he loved, he related, as he was accustomed to do, some of his adventures with that illustrious Westphalian lady.

"I suppose," said the abbé, "that Miss Cunegonde has a great deal of wit and that she writes charming letters."

"I have never received any from her," said Candide, "for you must know that when I was expelled from the castle because of my love for her, I could not write to her; soon afterwards I heard she was dead, then I

found her again and then I lost her, and now I have sent an express messenger to her two thousand five hundred leagues from here and am expecting her reply."

The abbé listened attentively and seemed rather meditative. He soon took leave of the two foreigners, after having embraced them tenderly. The next morning when Candide woke up he received a letter composed as follows:

"Sir, my dearest lover, I have been ill for a week in this town; I have just heard that you are here. I should fly to your arms if I could stir. I heard that you had passed through Bordeaux; I left the faithful Cacambo and the old woman there and they will soon follow me. The governor of Buenos Ayres took everything, but I still have your heart. Come, your presence will restore me to life or will make me die of pleasure."

This charming, this unhoped-for letter, transported Candide with inexpressible joy; and the illness of his dear Cunegonde overwhelmed him with grief. Torn between these two sentiments, he took his gold and his diamonds and drove with Martin to the hotel where Miss Cunegonde was staying. He entered trembling with emotion, his heart beat, his voice was broken; he wanted to open the bed-curtains and to have a light brought.

"Do nothing of the sort," said the waiting-maid. "Light would be the death of her."

And she quickly drew the curtains.

"My dear Cunegonde," said Candide, weeping, "how do you feel? If you cannot see me, at least speak to me."

"She cannot speak," said the maid-servant.

The lady then extended a plump hand, which Candide watered with his tears and then filled with diamonds, leaving a bag full of gold in the arm-chair.

In the midst of these transports a police-officer arrived, followed by the abbé from Périgord and a squad of policemen.

"So these are the two suspicious foreigners?" he said.

He had them arrested immediately and ordered his bravoes to hale them off to prison.

"This is not the way they treat travellers in Eldorado," said Candide.

"I am more of a Manichæan than ever," said Martin.

"But, sir, where are you taking us?" said Candide.

"To the deepest dungeon," said the police-officer.

Martin, having recovered his coolness, decided that the lady who pretended to be Cunegonde was a cheat, that the abbé from Périgord was a cheat who had abused Candide's innocence with all possible speed, and that the police-officer was another cheat of whom they could easily be rid.

Rather than expose himself to judicial proceedings, Candide, enlightened by this advice and impatient to see the real Cunegonde again, offered the police-officer three little diamonds worth about three thousand pounds each.

"Ah! sir," said the man with the ivory stick, "if you had committed all imaginable crimes you would be the most honest man in the world. Three diamonds! Each worth three thousand pounds each! Sir! I would be killed for your sake, instead of taking you to prison. All strangers are arrested here, but trust to me. I have a brother at Dieppe in Normandy, I will take you there; and if you have any diamonds to give him he will take as much care of you as myself."

"And why are all strangers arrested?" said Candide.

The abbé from Périgord then spoke and said:

"It is because a scoundrel from Atrebatum [1] listened

[1] Artois. Damiens, who attempted the life of Louis XV on the 5th January 1757, was born at Arras.

to imbecilities; this alone made him commit a parricide, not like that of May 1610,[1] but like that of December 1594,[2] and like several others committed in other years and in other months by other scoundrels who had listened to imbecilities."

The police-officer then explained what it was all about.

"Ah! the monsters!" cried Candide. "What! Can such horrors be in a nation which dances and sings! Can I not leave at once this country where monkeys torment tigers? I have seen bears in my own country; Eldorado is the only place where I have seen men. In God's name, sir, take me to Venice, where I am to wait for Miss Cunegonde."

"I can only take you to Lower Normandy," said the barigel.[3]

Immediately he took off their irons, said there had been a mistake, sent his men away, took Candide and Martin to Dieppe, and left them with his brother. There was a small Dutch vessel in the port. With the help of three other diamonds the Norman became the most obliging of men and embarked Candide and his servant in the ship which was about to sail for Portsmouth in England. It was not the road to Venice; but Candide felt as if he had escaped from Hell, and he had every intention of taking the road to Venice at the first opportunity.

[1] Henri IV was assassinated on the 14th May 1610.

[2] On the 27th December 1594, Jean Chatel made an attempt on the life of Henri IV.

[3] Captain of Italian archers or sbirri.

CHAPTER XXIII

Candide and Martin reach the coast of England; and what they saw there

"AH! Pangloss, Pangloss! Ah! Martin, Martin! Ah! my dear Cunegonde! What sort of a world is this?" said Candide on the Dutch ship.

"Something very mad and very abominable," replied Martin.

"You know England; are the people there as mad as they are in France?"

"'Tis another sort of madness," said Martin. "You know these two nations are at war for a few acres of snow in Canada, and that they are spending more on this fine war than all Canada is worth. It is beyond my poor capacity to tell you whether there are more madmen in one country than in the other; all I know is that in general the people we are going to visit are extremely melancholic."

Talking thus, they arrived at Portsmouth. There were multitudes of people on the shore, looking attentively at a rather fat man who was kneeling down with his eyes bandaged on the deck of one of the ships in the fleet; four soldiers placed opposite this man each shot three bullets into his brain in the calmest manner imaginable; and the whole assembly returned home with great satisfaction.

"What is all this?" said Candide. "And what Demon exercises his power everywhere?"

He asked who was the fat man who had just been killed so ceremoniously.

"An admiral,"[1] was the reply.

[1] Admiral Byng, shot on the 14th March, 1757, after his defeat near Minorca. Voltaire did all he could to save Byng's life.

"And why kill the admiral?"

"Because," he was told, "he did not kill enough people. He fought a battle with a French admiral and it was held that the English admiral was not close enough to him."

"But," said Candide, "the French admiral was just as far from the English admiral as he was from the French admiral!"

"That is indisputable," was the answer, "but in this country it is a good thing to kill an admiral from time to time to encourage the others."

Candide was so bewildered and so shocked by what he saw and heard that he would not even set foot on shore, but bargained with the Dutch captain (even if he had to pay him as much as the Surinam robber) to take him at once to Venice.

The captain was ready in two days. They sailed down the coast of France; and passed in sight of Lisbon, at which Candide shuddered. They entered the Straits and the Mediterranean and at last reached Venice.

"Praised be God!" said Candide, embracing Martin, "here I shall see the fair Cunegonde again. I trust Cacambo as I would myself. All is well, all goes well, all goes as well as it possibly could."

CHAPTER XXIV

Paquette and Friar Giroflée

AS soon as he reached Venice, he inquired for Cacambo in all the taverns, in all the cafés, and of all the ladies of pleasure ; and did not find him. Every day he sent out messengers to all ships and boats ; but there was no news of Cacambo.

" What ! " said he to Martin, " I have had time to sail from Surinam to Bordeaux, to go from Bordeaux to Paris, from Paris to Dieppe, from Dieppe to Portsmouth, to sail along the coasts of Portugal and Spain, to cross the Mediterranean, to spend several months at Venice, and the fair Cunegonde has not yet arrived ! Instead of her I have met only a jade and an abbé from Périgord ! Cunegonde is certainly dead and the only thing left for me is to die too. Ah ! it would have been better to stay in the Paradise of Eldorado instead of returning to this accursed Europe. How right you are, my dear Martin ! Everything is illusion and calamity ! "

He fell into a black melancholy and took no part in the opera *à la mode* or in the other carnival amusements ; not a lady caused him the least temptation. Martin said :

" You are indeed simple-minded to suppose that a half-breed valet with five or six millions in his pocket will go and look for your mistress at the other end of the world and bring her to you at Venice. If he finds her, he will take her for himself ; if he does not find her, he will take another. I advise you to forget your valet Cacambo and your mistress Cunegonde."

Martin was not consoling. Candide's melancholy increased, and Martin persisted in proving to him that there was little virtue and small happiness in the world except perhaps in Eldorado, where nobody could go.

While arguing about this important subject and waiting for Cunegonde, Candide noticed a young Theatine monk in the Piazza San Marco with a girl on his arm. The Theatine looked fresh, plump and vigorous; his eyes were bright, his air assured, his countenance firm, and his step lofty. The girl was very pretty and was singing; she gazed amorously at her Theatine and every now and then pinched his fat cheeks.

"At least you will admit," said Candide to Martin, "that those people are happy. Hitherto I have only found unfortunates in the whole habitable earth, except in Eldorado; but I wager that this girl and the Theatine are very happy creatures."

"I wager they are not," said Martin.

"We have only to ask them to dinner," said Candide, "and you will see whether I am wrong."

He immediately accosted them, paid his respects to them, and invited them to come to his hotel to eat macaroni, Lombardy partridges, and caviare, and to drink Montepulciano, Lacryma Christi, Cyprus and Samos wine. The young lady blushed, the Theatine accepted the invitation, and the girl followed, looking at Candide with surprise and confusion in her eyes, which were filled with a few tears. Scarcely had they entered Candide's room when she said:

"What! Mr. Candide does not recognise Paquette!"

At these words Candide, who had not looked at her very closely because he was occupied entirely by Cunegonde, said to her:

"Alas! my poor child, so it was you who put Dr. Pangloss into the fine state I saw him in?"

"Alas! sir, it was indeed," said Paquette. "I see you have heard all about it. I have heard of the terrible

misfortunes which happened to Her Ladyship the Baroness's whole family and to the fair Cunegonde. I swear to you that my fate has been just as sad. I was very innocent when you knew me. A Franciscan friar who was my confessor easily seduced me. The results were dreadful; I was obliged to leave the castle shortly after His Lordship the Baron expelled you by kicking you hard and frequently in the backside. If a famous doctor had not taken pity on me I should have died. For some time I was the doctor's mistress from gratitude to him. His wife, who was madly jealous, beat me every day relentlessly; she was a fury. The doctor was the ugliest of men, and I was the most unhappy of all living creatures at being continually beaten on account of a man I did not love. You know, sir, how dangerous it is for a shrewish woman to be the wife of a doctor. One day, exasperated by his wife's behaviour, he gave her some medicine for a little cold, and it was so efficacious that she died two hours afterwards in horrible convulsions. The lady's relatives brought a criminal prosecution against the husband; he fled and I was put in prison. My innocence would not have saved me if I had not been rather pretty. The judge set me free on condition that he took the doctor's place. I was soon supplanted by a rival, expelled without a penny, and obliged to continue the abominable occupation which to you men seems so amusing and which to us is nothing but an abyss of misery. I came to Venice to practise this profession. Ah! sir, if you could imagine what it is to be forced to caress impartially an old tradesman, a lawyer, a monk, a gondolier, an abbé; to be exposed to every insult and outrage; to be reduced often to borrow a petticoat in order to go and find some disgusting man who will lift it; to be robbed by one of what one has earned with another, to be despoiled by the police, and to contemplate for the future nothing but a dreadful old age, a hospital and a dunghill, you

would conclude that I am one of the most unfortunate creatures in the world."

Paquette opened her heart in this way to Candide in a side room, in the presence of Martin, who said to Candide:

"You see, I have already won half my wager."

Friar Giroflée had remained in the dining-room, drinking a glass while he waited for dinner.

"But," said Candide to Paquette, "when I met you, you looked so gay, so happy; you were singing, you were caressing the Theatine so naturally; you seemed to me to be as happy as you say you are unfortunate."

"Ah! sir," replied Paquette, "that is one more misery of our profession. Yesterday I was robbed and beaten by an officer, and to-day I must seem to be in a good humour to please a monk."

Candide wanted to hear no more; he admitted that Martin was right. They sat down to table with Paquette and the Theatine. The meal was quite amusing and towards the end they were talking with some confidence.

"Father," said Candide to the monk, "you seem to me to enjoy a fate which everybody should envy; the flower of health shines on your cheek, your face is radiant with happiness; you have a very pretty girl for your recreation and you appear to be very well pleased with your state of life as a Theatine."

"Faith, sir," said Friar Giroflée, "I wish all the Theatines were at the bottom of the sea. A hundred times I have been tempted to set fire to the monastery and to go and be a Turk. My parents forced me at the age of fifteen to put on this detestable robe, in order that more money might be left to my cursed elder brother, whom God confound! Jealousy, discord, fury, inhabit the monastery. It is true, I have preached a few bad sermons which bring me in a little money, half of which is stolen from me by the prior; the remainder I spend on girls; but when I go back to the monastery in the evening I feel ready to smash my head against the

What would Dr. Pangloss say if he saw what the pure state of nature is ?

dormitory walls, and all my colleagues are in the same state."

Martin turned to Candide and said with his usual calm:

"Well, have I not won the whole wager?"

Candide gave two thousand piastres to Paquette and a thousand to Friar Giroflée.

"I warrant," said he, "that they will be happy with that."

"I don't believe it in the very least," said Martin. "Perhaps you will make them still more unhappy with those piastres."

"That may be," said Candide, "but I am consoled by one thing; I see that we often meet people we thought we should never meet again; it may very well be that as I met my red sheep and Paquette, I may also meet Cunegonde again."

"I hope," said Martin, "that she will one day make you happy; but I doubt it very much."

"You are very hard," said Candide.

"That's because I have lived," said Martin.

"But look at these gondoliers," said Candide, "they sing all day long."

"You do not see them at home, with their wives and their brats of children," said Martin. "The Doge has his troubles, the gondoliers have theirs. True, looking at it all round, a gondolier's lot is preferable to a Doge's; but I think the difference so slight that it is not worth examining."

"They talk," said Candide, "about Senator Pococurante who lives in that handsome palace on the Brenta and who is hospitable to foreigners. He is supposed to be a man who has never known a grief."

"I should like to meet so rare a specimen," said Martin.

Candide immediately sent a request to Lord Pococurante for permission to wait upon him next day.

CHAPTER XXV

Visit to the noble Venetian, Lord Pococurante

CANDIDE and Martin took a gondola and rowed to the noble Pococurante's palace. The gardens were extensive and ornamented with fine marble statues; the architecture of the palace was handsome. The master of this establishment, a very wealthy man of about sixty, received the two visitors very politely but with very little cordiality, which disconcerted Candide but did not displease Martin.

Two pretty and neatly dressed girls served them with very frothy chocolate. Candide could not refrain from praising their beauty, their grace and their skill.

"They are quite good creatures," said Senator Pococurante, "and I sometimes make them sleep in my bed, for I am very tired of the ladies of the town, with their coquetries, their jealousies, their quarrels, their humours, their meanness, their pride, their folly, and the sonnets one must write or have written for them; but, after all, I am getting very tired of these two girls."

After this collation, Candide was walking in a long gallery and was surprised by the beauty of the pictures. He asked what master had painted the two first.

"They are by Raphael," said the Senator. "Some years ago I bought them at a very high price out of mere vanity; I am told they are the finest in Italy, but they give me no pleasure; the colour has gone very dark, the faces are not sufficiently rounded and do not stand out enough; the draperies have not the least resemblance to material; in short, whatever they may say, I do not consider them a true imitation of nature. I shall only

like a picture when it makes me think it is nature itself; and there are none of that kind. I have a great many pictures, but I never look at them now."

While they waited for dinner, Pococurante gave them a concert. Candide thought the music delicious.

"This noise," said Pococurante, "is amusing for half an hour; but if it lasts any longer, it wearies everybody although nobody dares to say so. Music nowadays is merely the art of executing difficulties, and in the end that which is only difficult ceases to please. Perhaps I should like the opera more if they had not made it a monster which revolts me. Those who please may go to see bad tragedies set to music, where the scenes are only composed to bring in clumsily two or three ridiculous songs which show off an actress's voice; those who will or can may swoon with pleasure when they see an eunuch humming the part of Cæsar and Cato as he awkwardly treads the boards; for my part, I long ago abandoned such trivialities, which nowadays are the glory of Italy and for which monarchs pay so dearly."

Candide demurred a little, but discreetly. Martin entirely agreed with the Senator.

They sat down to table and after an excellent dinner went into the library. Candide saw a magnificently bound Homer and complimented the Illustrissimo on his good taste.

"That is the book," said he, "which so much delighted the great Pangloss, the greatest philosopher of Germany."

"It does not delight me," said Pococurante coldly; "formerly I was made to believe that I took pleasure in reading it; but this continual repetition of battles which are all alike, these gods who are perpetually active and achieve nothing decisive, this Helen who is the cause of the war and yet scarcely an actor in the piece, this Troy which is always besieged and never taken—all bore me extremely. I have sometimes asked learned

men if they were as bored as I am by reading it; all who were sincere confessed that the book fell from their hands, but that it must be in every library, as a monument of antiquity, and like those rusty coins which cannot be put into circulation."

"Your Excellency has a different opinion of Virgil?" said Candide.

"I admit," said Pococurante, "that the second, fourth and sixth books of his Æneid are excellent, but as for his pious Æneas and the strong Cloanthes and the faithful Achates and the little Ascanius and the imbecile king Latinus and the middle-class Amata and the insipid Lavinia, I think there could be nothing more frigid and disagreeable. I prefer Tasso and the fantastic tales of Ariosto."

"May I venture to ask you, sir," said Candide, "if you do not take great pleasure in reading Horace?"

"He has two maxims," said Pococurante, "which might be useful to a man of the world, and which, being compressed in energetic verses, are more easily impressed upon the memory; but I care very little for his Journey to Brundisium, and his description of a Bad Dinner, and the street brawlers' quarrel between—what is his name?—Rupilius, whose words, he says, were full of pus, and another person whose words were all vinegar. I was extremely disgusted with his gross verses against old women and witches; and I cannot see there is any merit in his telling his friend Mæcenas that, if he is placed by him among the lyric poets, he will strike the stars with his lofty brow. Fools admire everything in a celebrated author. I only read to please myself, and I only like what suits me."

Candide, who had been taught never to judge anything for himself, was greatly surprised by what he heard; and Martin thought Pococurante's way of thinking quite reasonable.

"Oh! There is a Cicero," said Candide. "I

suppose you are never tired of reading that great man?"

"I never read him," replied the Venetian. "What do I care that he pleaded for Rabirius or Cluentius. I have enough cases to judge myself; I could better have endured his philosophical works; but when I saw that he doubted everything, I concluded I knew as much as he and did not need anybody else in order to be ignorant."

"Ah! There are eighty volumes of the Proceedings of an Academy of Sciences," exclaimed Martin, "there might be something good in them."

"There would be," said Pococurante, "if a single one of the authors of all that rubbish had invented even the art of making pins; but in all those books there is nothing but vain systems and not a single useful thing."

"What a lot of plays I see there," said Candide. "Italian, Spanish, and French!"

"Yes," said the Senator, "there are three thousand and not three dozen good ones. As for those collections of sermons, which all together are not worth a page of Seneca, and all those large volumes of theology, you may well suppose that they are never opened by me or anybody else."

Martin noticed some shelves filled with English books.

"I should think," he said, "that a republican would enjoy most of those works written with so much freedom."

"Yes," replied Pococurante, "it is good to write as we think; it is the privilege of man. In all Italy, we only write what we do not think; those who inhabit the country of the Cæsars and the Antonines dare not have an idea without the permission of a Dominican monk. I should applaud the liberty which inspires Englishmen of genius if passion and party spirit did not corrupt everything estimable in that precious liberty."

Candide, in noticing a Milton, asked him if he did not consider that author to be a very great man.

"Who?" said Pococurante. "That barbarian who

wrote a long commentary on the first chapter of Genesis in ten books of harsh verses? That gross imitator of the Greeks, who disfigures the Creation, and who, while Moses represents the Eternal Being as producing the world by speech, makes the Messiah take a large compass from the heavenly cupboard in order to trace out his work? Should I esteem the man who spoiled Tasso's hell and devil; who disguises Lucifer sometimes as a toad, sometimes as a pygmy; who makes him repeat the same things a hundred times; makes him argue about theology; and imitates seriously Ariosto's comical invention of fire-arms by making the devils fire a cannon in Heaven? Neither I nor anyone else in Italy could enjoy such wretched extravagances. The marriage of Sin and Death and the snakes which sin brings forth nauseate any man of delicate taste, and his long description of a hospital would only please a grave-digger. This obscure, bizarre and disgusting poem was despised at its birth; I treat it to-day as it was treated by its contemporaries in its own country. But then I say what I think, and care very little whether others think as I do."

Candide was distressed by these remarks; he respected Homer and rather liked Milton.

"Alas!" he whispered to Martin, "I am afraid this man would have a sovereign contempt for our German poets."

"There wouldn't be much harm in that," said Martin.

"Oh! What a superior man!" said Candide under his breath. "What a great genius this Pococurante is! Nothing can please him."

After they had thus reviewed all his books they went down into the garden. Candide praised all its beauties.

"I have never met anything more tasteless," said their owner. "We have nothing but gewgaws; but to-morrow I shall begin to plant one on a more noble plan."

When the two visitors had taken farewell of his Excellency, Candide said to Martin:

"Now you will admit that he is the happiest of men, for he is superior to everything he possesses."

"Do you not see," said Martin, "that he is disgusted with everything he possesses? Plato said long ago that the best stomachs are not those which refuse all food."

"But," said Candide, "is there not pleasure in criticising, in finding faults where other men think they see beauty?"

"That is to say," answered Martin, "that there is pleasure in not being pleased."

"Oh! Well," said Candide, "then there is no one happy except me—when I see Miss Cunegonde again."

"It is always good to hope," said Martin.

However, the days and weeks went by; Cacambo did not return and Candide was so much plunged in grief that he did not even notice that Paquette and Friar Giroflée had not once come to thank him.

CHAPTER XXVI

How Candide and Martin supped with six strangers and who they were

ONE evening when Candide and Martin were going to sit down to table with the strangers who lodged in the same hotel, a man with a face the colour of soot came up to him from behind and, taking him by the arm, said:

"Get ready to come with us, and do not fail."

He turned round and saw Cacambo. Only the sight of Cunegonde could have surprised and pleased him more. He was almost wild with joy. He embraced his dear friend.

"Cunegonde is here, of course? Where is she? Take me to her, let me die of joy with her."

"Cunegonde is not here," said Cacambo. "She is in Constantinople."

"Heavens! In Constantinople! But were she in China I would fly to her; let us start at once."

"We will start after supper," replied Cacambo. "I cannot tell you any more; I am a slave, and my master is waiting for me; I must go and serve him at table! Do not say anything; eat your supper, and be in readiness."

Candide, torn between joy and grief, charmed to see his faithful agent again, amazed to see him a slave, filled with the idea of seeing his mistress again, with turmoil in his heart, agitation in his mind, sat down to table with Martin (who met every strange occurrence with the same calmness), and with six strangers, who had come to spend the Carnival at Venice.

Cacambo, who acted as butler to one of the strangers, bent down to his master's head towards the end of the meal and said:

" Sire, your Majesty can leave when you wish, the ship is ready."

After saying this, Cacambo withdrew. The guests looked at each other with surprise without saying a word, when another servant came up to his master and said:

" Sire, your Majesty's post-chaise is at Padua, and the boat is ready."

The master made a sign and the servant departed. Once more all the guests looked at each other, and the general surprise was increased twofold. A third servant went up to the third stranger and said:

" Sire, believe me, your Majesty cannot remain here any longer; I will prepare everything."

And he immediately disappeared.

Candide and Martin had no doubt that this was a Carnival masquerade. A fourth servant said to the fourth master:

" Your Majesty can leave when you wish."

And he went out like the others.

The fifth servant spoke similarly to the fifth master. But the sixth servant spoke differently to the sixth stranger, who was next to Candide, and said:

" Faith, sire, they will not give your Majesty any more credit nor me either, and we may very likely be jailed to-night, both of us; I am going to look to my own affairs, good-bye."

When the servants had all gone, the six strangers, Candide and Martin remained in profound silence. At last it was broken by Candide.

" Gentlemen," said he, " this is a curious jest. How is it you are all kings? I confess that neither Martin nor I are kings."

Cacambo's master then gravely spoke and said in Italian:

" I am not jesting, my name is Achmet III. For several years I was Sultan; I dethroned my brother;

my nephew dethroned me; they cut off the heads of my viziers; I am ending my days in the old seraglio; my nephew, Sultan Mahmoud, sometimes allows me to travel for my health, and I have come to spend the Carnival at Venice."

A young man who sat next to Achmet spoke after him and said:

"My name is Ivan; I was Emperor of all the Russias; I was dethroned in my cradle; my father and mother were imprisoned and I was brought up in prison; I sometimes have permission to travel, accompanied by those who guard me, and I have come to spend the Carnival at Venice."

The third said:

"I am Charles Edward, King of England; my father gave up his rights to the throne to me and I fought a war to assert them; the hearts of eight hundred of my adherents were torn out and dashed in their faces. I have been in prison; I am going to Rome to visit the King my father, who, like me, is dethroned, and my grandfather, and I have come to spend the Carnival at Venice."

The fourth then spoke and said:

"I am the King of Poland; the chance of war deprived me of my hereditary states; my father endured the same reverse of fortune; I am resigned to Providence like the Sultan Achmet, the Emperor Ivan and King Charles Edward, to whom God grant long life; and I have come to spend the Carnival at Venice."

The fifth said:

"I also am the King of Poland; I have lost my kingdom twice; but Providence has given me another state in which I have been able to do more good than all the kings of the Sarmatians together have been ever able to do on the banks of the Vistula; I also am resigned to Providence and I have come to spend the Carnival at Venice."

It was now for the sixth monarch to speak.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am not so eminent as you; but I have been a king like anyone else. I am Theodore; I was elected King of Corsica; I have been called Your Majesty and now I am barely called Sir. I have coined money and do not own a farthing; I have had two Secretaries of State and now have scarcely a valet; I have occupied a throne and for a long time lay on straw in a London prison. I am much afraid I shall be treated in the same way here, although I have come, like your Majesties, to spend the Carnival at Venice."

The five other kings listened to this speech with a noble compassion. Each of them gave King Theodore twenty sequins to buy clothes and shirts; Candide presented him with a diamond worth two thousand sequins.

"Who is this man," said the five kings, "who is able to give a hundred times as much as any of us, and who gives it?"

As they were leaving the table, there came to the same hotel four serene highnesses who had also lost their states in the chance of war, and who had come to spend the rest of the Carnival at Venice; but Candide did not even notice these new-comers, he could think of nothing but of going to Constantinople to find his dear Cunegonde.

CHAPTER XXVII

Candide's voyage to Constantinople

THE faithful Cacambo had already spoken to the Turkish captain who was to take Sultan Achmet back to Constantinople and had obtained permission for Candide and Martin to come on board. They both entered this ship after having prostrated themselves before his miserable Highness. On the way, Candide said to Martin:

"So we have just supped with six dethroned kings! And among those six kings there was one to whom I gave charity. Perhaps there are many other princes still more unfortunate. Now, I have only lost a hundred sheep and I am hastening to Cunegonde's arms. My dear Martin, once more, Pangloss was right, all is well."

"I hope so," said Martin.

"But," said Candide, "this is a very singular experience we have just had at Venice. Nobody has ever seen or heard of six dethroned kings supping together in a tavern."

"'Tis no more extraordinary," said Martin, "than most of the things which have happened to us. It is

very common for kings to be dethroned; and as to the honour we have had of supping with them, 'tis a trifle not deserving our attention."

Scarcely had Candide entered the ship when he threw his arms round the neck of his old valet and his friend Cacambo.

"Well!" said he, "what is Cunegonde doing? Is she still a marvel of beauty? Does she still love me? How is she? Of course you have bought her a palace in Constantinople?"

"My dear master," replied Cacambo, "Cunegonde is washing dishes on the banks of Propontis for a prince who possesses very few dishes; she is a slave in the house of a former sovereign named Ragotsky, who receives in his refuge three crowns a day from the Grand Turk; but what is even more sad is that she has lost her beauty and has become horribly ugly."

"Ah! beautiful or ugly," said Candide, "I am a man of honour and my duty is to love her always. But how can she be reduced to so abject a condition with the five or six millions you carried off?"

"Ah!" said Cacambo, "did I not have to give two millions to Senor Don Fernando d'Ibaraa y Figueora y Mascarenes y Lampourdos y Souza, Governor of Buenos Ayres, for permission to bring away Miss Cunegonde? And did not a pirate bravely strip us of all the rest? And did not this pirate take us to Cape Matapan, to Milo, to Nicaria, to Samos, to Petra, to the Dardanelles, to Marmora, to Scutari? Cunegonde and the old woman are servants to the prince I mentioned, and I am slave to the dethroned Sultan."

"What a chain of terrible calamities!" said Candide. "But after all, I still have a few diamonds; I shall easily deliver Cunegonde. What a pity she has become so ugly."

Then, turning to Martin, he said:

"Who do you think is the most to be pitied, the

Sultan Achmet, the Emperor Ivan, King Charles Edward, or me?"

"I do not know at all," said Martin. "I should have to be in your hearts to know."

"Ah!" said Candide, "if Pangloss were here he would know and would tell us."

"I do not know," said Martin, "what scales your Pangloss would use to weigh the misfortunes of men and to estimate their sufferings. All I presume is that there are millions of men on the earth a hundred times more to be pitied than King Charles Edward, the Emperor Ivan and the Sultan Achmet."

"That may very well be," said Candide.

In a few days they reached the Black Sea channel. Candide began by paying a high ransom for Cacambo and, without wasting time, he went on board a galley with his companions bound for the shores of Propontis, in order to find Cunegonde however ugly she might be.

Among the galley-slaves were two convicts who rowed very badly and from time to time the Levantine captain applied several strokes of a bull's pizzle to their naked shoulders. From a natural feeling of pity Candide watched them more attentively than the other galley-slaves and went up to them. Some features of their disfigured faces appeared to him to have some resemblance to Pangloss and the wretched Jesuit, the Baron, Miss Cunegonde's brother. This idea disturbed and saddened him. He looked at them still more carefully.

"Truly," said he to Cacambo, "if I had not seen Dr. Pangloss hanged, and if I had not been so unfortunate as to kill the Baron, I should think they were rowing in this galley."

At the words Baron and Pangloss, the two convicts gave a loud cry, stopped on their seats and dropped their oars. The Levantine captain ran up to them and the lashes with the bull's pizzle were redoubled.

"Stop! Stop, sir!" cried Candide. "I will give you as much money as you want."

"What! Is it Candide?" said one of the convicts.

"What! Is it Candide?" said the other.

"Is it a dream?" said Candide. "Am I awake? Am I in this galley? Is that my Lord the Baron whom I killed? Is that Dr. Pangloss whom I saw hanged?"

"It is, it is," they replied.

"What! Is that the great philosopher?" said Martin.

"Ah! sir," said Candide to the Levantine captain, "how much money do you want for My Lord Thunder-ten-tronckh, one of the first Barons of the empire, and for Dr. Pangloss, the most profound metaphysician of Germany?"

"Dog of a Christian," replied the Levantine captain, "since these two dogs of Christian convicts are Barons and metaphysicians, which no doubt is a high rank in their country, you shall pay me fifty thousand sequins."

"You shall have them, sir. Row back to Constantinople like lightning and you shall be paid at once. But, no, take me to Miss Cunegonde."

The captain, at Candide's first offer, had already turned the bow towards the town, and rowed there more swiftly than a bird cleaves the air.

Candide embraced the Baron and Pangloss a hundred times.

"How was it I did not kill you, my dear Baron? And, my dear Pangloss, how do you happen to be alive after having been hanged? And why are you both in a Turkish galley?"

"Is it really true that my dear sister is in this country?" said the Baron.

"Yes," replied Cacambo.

"So once more I see my dear Candide!" cried Pangloss.

Candide introduced Martin and Cacambo.

They all embraced and all talked at the same time.

The galley flew; already they were in the harbour. They sent for a Jew, and Candide sold him for fifty thousand sequins a diamond worth a hundred thousand, for which he swore by Abraham he could not give any more. The ransom of the Baron and Pangloss was immediately paid. Pangloss threw himself at the feet of his liberator and bathed them with tears; the other thanked him with a nod and promised to repay the money at the first opportunity.

"But is it possible that my sister is in Turkey?" said he.

"Nothing is so possible," replied Cacambo, "since she washes up the dishes of a prince of Transylvania."

They immediately sent for two Jews; Candide sold some more diamonds; and they all set out in another galley to rescue Cunegonde.

The ingenious manner in which they and their sheep were hoisted on to the top of the mountains

CHAPTER XXVIII

What happened to Candide, to Cunegonde, to Pangloss, to Martin, etc.

"PARDON once more," said Candide to the Baron, "pardon me, reverend father, for having thrust my sword through your body."

"Let us say no more about it," said the Baron. "I admit I was a little too sharp; but since you wish to know how it was you saw me in a galley, I must tell you that after my wound was healed by the brother apothecary of the college, I was attacked and carried off by a Spanish raiding party; I was imprisoned in Buenos Ayres at the time when my sister had just left. I asked to return to the Vicar-General in Rome. I was ordered to Constantinople to act as almoner to the Ambassador of France. A week after I had taken up my office I met towards evening a very handsome young page of the Sultan. It was very hot; the young man wished to bathe; I took the opportunity to bathe also. I did not know that it was a most serious crime for a Christian to be found naked with a young Mahometan. A cadi sentenced me to a hundred strokes on the soles of my feet and condemned me to the galley. I do not think a more horrible injustice has ever been committed. But I should very much like to know why my sister is in the kitchen of a Transylvanian sovereign living in exile among the Turks."

"But, my dear Pangloss," said Candide, "how does it happen that I see you once more?"

"It is true," said Pangloss, "that you saw me hanged; and in the natural course of events I should have been

burned. But you remember, it poured with rain when they were going to roast me; the storm was so violent that they despaired of lighting the fire; I was hanged because they could do nothing better; a surgeon bought my body, carried me home and dissected me. He first made a crucial incision in me from the navel to the collar-bone. Nobody could have been worse hanged than I was. The executioner of the holy Inquisition, who was a subdeacon, was marvellously skilful in burning people, but he was not accustomed to hang them; the rope was wet and did not slide easily and it was knotted; in short, I still breathed. The crucial incision caused me to utter so loud a scream that the surgeon fell over backwards and, thinking he was dissecting the devil, fled away in terror and fell down the staircase in his flight. His wife ran in at the noise from another room; she saw me stretched out on the table with my crucial incision; she was still more frightened than her husband, fled, and fell on top of him. When they had recovered themselves a little, I heard the surgeon's wife say to the surgeon:

"'My dear, what were you thinking of, to dissect a heretic? Don't you know the devil always possesses them? I will go and get a priest at once to exorcise him.'

"At this I shuddered and collected the little strength I had left to shout:

"'Have pity on me!'

"At last the Portuguese barber grew bolder; he sewed up my skin; his wife even took care of me, and at the end of a fortnight I was able to walk again. The barber found me a situation and made me lackey to a Knight of Malta who was going to Venice; but, as my master had no money to pay me wages, I entered the service of a Venetian merchant and followed him to Constantinople.

"One day I took it into my head to enter a mosque; there was nobody there except an old Imam and a very pretty young devotee who was reciting her prayers; her breasts were entirely uncovered; between them she wore

a bunch of tulips, roses, anemones, ranunculus, hyacinths and auriculas; she dropped her bunch of flowers; I picked it up and returned it to her with a most respectful alacrity. I was so long putting them back that the Imam grew angry and, seeing I was a Christian, called for help. I was taken to the cadi, who sentenced me to receive a hundred strokes on the soles of my feet and sent me to the galleys. I was chained on the same seat and in the same galley as My Lord the Baron. In this galley there were four young men from Marseilles, five Neapolitan priests and two monks from Corfu, who assured us that similar accidents occurred every day. His Lordship the Baron claimed that he had suffered a greater injustice than I; and I claimed that it was much more permissible to replace a bunch of flowers between a woman's breasts than to be naked with one of the Sultan's pages. We argued continually, and every day received twenty strokes of the bull's pizzle, when the chain of events of this universe led you to our galley and you ransomed us."

"Well! my dear Pangloss," said Candide, "when you were hanged, dissected, stunned with blows and made to row in the galleys, did you always think that everything was for the best in this world?"

"I am still of my first opinion," replied Pangloss, "for after all I am a philosopher; and it would be unbecoming for me to recant, since Leibnitz could not be in the wrong and pre-established harmony is the finest thing imaginable like the plenum and subtle matter."

CHAPTER XXIX

How Candide found Cunegonde and the old woman again

WHILE Candide, the Baron, Pangloss, Martin and Cacambo were relating their adventures, reasoning upon contingent or non-contingent events of the universe, arguing about effects and causes, moral and physical evil, free-will and necessity, and the consolations to be found in the Turkish galleys, they came to the house of the Transylvanian prince on the shores of Propontis.

The first objects which met their sight were Cunegonde and the old woman hanging out towels to dry on the line.

At this sight the Baron grew pale. Candide, that tender lover, seeing his fair Cunegonde sunburned, blear-eyed, flat-breasted, with wrinkles round her eyes and red, chapped arms, recoiled three paces in horror, and then advanced from mere politeness.

She embraced Candide and her brother. They embraced the old woman; Candide bought them both.

In the neighbourhood was a little farm; the old woman suggested that Candide should buy it, until some better fate befell the group. Cunegonde did not know that she had become ugly, for nobody had told her so; she reminded Candide of his promises in so peremptory a tone that the good Candide dared not refuse her.

He therefore informed the Baron that he was about to marry his sister.

"Never," said the Baron, "will I endure such baseness on her part and such insolence on yours; nobody shall ever reproach me with this infamy; my sister's children could never enter the chapters of Germany. No, my sister shall never marry anyone but a Baron of the Empire."

Cunegonde threw herself at his feet and bathed them in tears; but he was inflexible.

"Madman," said Candide, "I rescued you from the galleys, I paid your ransom and your sister's; she was washing dishes here, she is ugly, I am so kind as to make her my wife, and you pretend to oppose me! I should kill you again if I listened to my anger."

"You may kill me again," said the Baron, "but you shall never marry my sister while I am alive."

CHAPTER XXX

Conclusion

AT the bottom of his heart Candide had not the least wish to marry Cunegonde. But the Baron's extreme impertinence determined him to complete the marriage, and Cunegonde urged it so warmly that he could not retract. He consulted Pangloss, Martin and the faithful Cacambo. Pangloss wrote an excellent memorandum by which he proved that the Baron had no rights over his sister and that by all the laws of the empire she could make a left-handed marriage with Candide. Martin advised that the Baron should be thrown into the sea; Cacambo decided that he should be returned to the Levantine captain and sent back to the galleys, after which he would be returned by the first ship to the Vicar-General at Rome. This was thought to be very good advice; the old woman approved it; they said nothing to the sister; the plan was carried out with the aid of a little money and they had the pleasure of duping a Jesuit and punishing the pride of a German Baron.

It would be natural to suppose that when, after so many disasters, Candide was married to his mistress, and living with the philosopher Pangloss, the philosopher Martin, the prudent Cacambo and the old woman, having brought back so many diamonds from the country of the ancient Incas, would lead the most pleasant life imaginable. But he was so cheated by the Jews that he had nothing left but his little farm; his wife, growing uglier every day, became shrewish and unendurable; the old

woman was ailing and even more bad-tempered than Cunegonde. Cacambo, who worked in the garden and then went to Constantinople to sell vegetables, was overworked and cursed his fate. Pangloss was in despair because he did not shine in some German university.

As for Martin, he was firmly convinced that people are equally uncomfortable everywhere; he accepted things patiently. Candide, Martin and Pangloss sometimes argued about metaphysics and morals. From the windows of the farm they often watched the ships going by, filled with effendis, pashas and cadis, who were being exiled to Lemnos, to Mitylene and Erzerum. They saw other cadis, other pashas and other effendis coming back to take the place of the exiles and to be exiled in their turn. They saw the neatly impaled heads which were taken to the Sublime Porte. These sights redoubled their discussions; and when they were not arguing, the boredom was so excessive that one day the old woman dared to say to them:

"I should like to know which is worse, to be raped a hundred times by negro pirates, to have a buttock cut off, to run the gauntlet among the Bulgarians, to be whipped and flogged in an *auto-da-fé*, to be dissected, to row in a galley, in short, to endure all the miseries through which we have passed, or to remain here doing nothing?"

"'Tis a great question," said Candide.

These remarks led to new reflections, and Martin especially concluded that man was born to live in the convulsions of distress or in the lethargy of boredom. Candide did not agree, but he asserted nothing. Pangloss confessed that he had always suffered horribly; but, having once maintained that everything was for the best, he had continued to maintain it without believing it.

One thing confirmed Martin in his detestable principles, made Candide hesitate more than ever, and embarrassed Pangloss. And it was this. One day there came to their farm Paquette and Friar Giroflée, who were in the most extreme misery; they had soon wasted their three

thousand piastres, had left each other, made it up, quarrelled again, been put in prison, escaped, and finally Friar Giroflée had turned Turk. Paquette continued her occupation everywhere and now earned nothing by it.

"I foresaw," said Martin to Candide, "that your gifts would soon be wasted and would only make them the more miserable. You and Cacambo were once bloated with millions of piastres and you are no happier than Friar Giroflée and Paquette."

"Ah! ha!" said Pangloss to Paquette, "so Heaven brings you back to us, my dear child? Do you know that you cost me the end of my nose, an eye and an ear! What a plight you are in! Ah! What a world this is!"

This new occurrence caused them to philosophise more than ever.

In the neighbourhood there lived a very famous Dervish, who was supposed to be the best philosopher in Turkey; they went to consult him; Pangloss was the spokesman and said:

"Master, we have come to beg you to tell us why so strange an animal as man was ever created."

"What has it to do with you?" said the Dervish. "Is it your business?"

"But, reverend father," said Candide, "there is a horrible amount of evil in the world."

"What does it matter," said the Dervish, "whether there is evil or good? When his highness sends a ship to Egypt, does he worry about the comfort or discomfort of the rats in the ship?"

"Then what should we do?" said Pangloss.

"Hold your tongue," said the Dervish.

"I flattered myself," said Pangloss, "that I should discuss with you effects and causes, this best of all possible worlds, the origin of evil, the nature of the soul and pre-established harmony."

At these words the Dervish slammed the door in their faces.

During this conversation the news went round that

at Constantinople two viziers and the mufti had been strangled and several of their friends impaled. This catastrophe made a prodigious noise everywhere for several hours. As Pangloss, Candide and Martin were returning to their little farm, they came upon an old man who was taking the air under a bower of orange-trees at his door. Pangloss, who was as curious as he was argumentative, asked him what was the name of the mufti who had just been strangled.

"I do not know," replied the old man. "I have never known the name of any mufti or of any vizier. I am entirely ignorant of the occurrence you mention; I presume that in general those who meddle with public affairs sometimes perish miserably and that they deserve it; but I never inquire what is going on in Constantinople; I content myself with sending there for sale the produce of the garden I cultivate."

Having spoken thus, he took the strangers into his house. His two daughters and his two sons presented them with several kinds of sherbet which they made themselves, caymac flavoured with candied citron peel, oranges, lemons, limes, pine-apples, dates, pistachios and Mocha coffee which had not been mixed with the bad coffee of Batavia and the Isles. After which this good Mussulman's two daughters perfumed the beards of Candide, Pangloss and Martin.

"You must have a vast and magnificent estate?" said Candide to the Turk.

"I have only twenty acres," replied the Turk. "I cultivate them with my children; and work keeps at bay three great evils: boredom, vice and need."

As Candide returned to his farm he reflected deeply on the Turk's remarks. He said to Pangloss and Martin:

"That good old man seems to me to have chosen an existence preferable by far to that of the six kings with whom we had the honour to sup."

"Exalted rank," said Pangloss, "is very dangerous, according to the testimony of all philosophers; for

Eglon, King of the Moabites, was murdered by Ehud; Absalom was hanged by the hair and pierced by three darts; King Nadab, son of Jeroboam, was killed by Baasha; King Elah by Zimri; Ahaziah by Jehu; Athaliah by Jehoiada; the Kings Jehoiakim, Jeconiah and Zedekiah were made slaves. You know in what manner died Crœsus, Astyages, Darius, Denys of Syracuse, Pyrrhus, Perseus, Hannibal, Jugurtha, Ariovistus, Cæsar, Pompey, Nero, Otho, Vitellius, Domitian, Richard II of England, Edward II, Henry VI, Richard III, Mary Stuart, Charles I, the three Henrys of France, the Emperor Henry IV. You know . . ."

"I also know," said Candide, "that we should cultivate our gardens."

"You are right," said Pangloss, "for, when man was placed in the Garden of Eden, he was placed there *ut operaretur eum*, to dress it and to keep it; which proves that man was not born for idleness."

"Let us work without arguing," said Martin; "'tis the only way to make life endurable."

The whole small fraternity entered into this praiseworthy plan, and each started to make use of his talents. The little farm yielded well. Cunegonde was indeed very ugly, but she became an excellent pastry-cook; Paquette embroidered; the old woman took care of the linen. Even Friar Giroflée performed some service; he was a very good carpenter and even became a man of honour; and Pangloss sometimes said to Candide:

"All events are linked up in this best of all possible worlds; for, if you had not been expelled from the noble castle by hard kicks in your backside for love of Miss Cunegonde, if you had not been clapped into the Inquisition, if you had not wandered about America on foot, if you had not stuck your sword in the Baron, if you had not lost all your sheep from the land of Eldorado, you would not be eating candied citrons and pistachios here."

"'Tis well said," replied Candide, "but we must cultivate our gardens."

THE WORLD AS IT IS

BABOUC'S VISION

(1746)

THE WORLD AS IT IS

CHAPTER I

The Apparition

AMONG the jinn who preside over the empires of the world, Ituriel holds one of the highest posts and has the department of Asia. One morning he descended to the house of the Scythian Babouc, on the banks of the Oxus, and said to him:

"Babouc, the folly and excesses of the Persians have aroused our anger. Yesterday there was an assembly of the jinn of Asia to discuss whether we should punish Persepolis or whether we should destroy it. Go to that town and examine everything; on your return you will render me an exact account and I will decide on your report whether the town shall be chastised or exterminated."

"But, my lord," said Babouc humbly, "I have never been to Persia and do not know anyone there."

"So much the better," said the angel, "you will not be biased. Heaven has given you understanding, and I will add to it the gift of inspiring confidence. Go, look, listen, observe and fear nothing; you will be welcomed everywhere."

CHAPTER II

Armies and Hospitals

BABOUC mounted his camel and set out with his servant. At the end of several days he met the Persian army near the plains of Sennar, going to fight the Indian army. He spoke first of all to a straggler, and asked him what was the cause of the war.

"By all the gods," said the soldier, "I don't know; it is not my affair; my business is to kill and to be killed for a living; it does not matter whom I serve. I might very likely desert to the Indian camp to-morrow; for I am told they give their soldiers nearly half a drachma of copper a day more than we get in this cursed Persian army. If you want to know why we are fighting, ask my captain."

Babouc gave the soldier a trifle and entered the camp. He soon struck up an acquaintance with the captain and asked him what was the cause of the war.

"How do you expect me to know?" said the captain, "and what does the cause matter to me? I live two hundred leagues from Persepolis; I heard that war was declared, I abandoned my family and, according to our custom, I have come to obtain fortune or death, since I have nothing else to do."

"But," said Babouc, "are not your brother officers a little better informed than you?"

"No," said the officer, "only our chief satraps know exactly why we are killing each other."

The amazed Babouc introduced himself to the generals, and became familiar with them. One of them finally said to him:

"The cause of this war which has ruined Asia for twenty years was originally a quarrel between a eunuch of a wife of the great King of Persia and a clerk of an office of the great King of India. It was a question of a right which was worth about the thirtieth part of a piece of gold. The Prime Minister of India and our own worthily supported the rights of their masters. The quarrel waxed hot. On either side a million soldiers were brought into the field. Every year four hundred thousand men are needed as recruits for the army. Murders, fires, ruins, devastations are multiplied, the whole world suffers, and the animosity continues. Our Prime Minister and the Indian Prime Minister often protest that they are only acting for the good of the human race; and at each protestation there are always several towns destroyed and several provinces ravaged."

The next day there was a rumour that peace would soon be concluded, and so the Persian general and the Indian general hastened to give battle, which was bloody. Babouc saw all the mistakes and all the abominations; he witnessed the manœuvres of the chief satraps, who did all they could to get their own general beaten. He saw officers killed by their own troops; he saw soldiers who dispatched their dying comrades in order to rob them of a few bloody, torn, muddy rags. He entered the hospitals where the wounded were being taken, and where most of them died, owing to the inhuman negligence of the very people who were well paid by the King of Persia to take care of them.

"Are these men," cried Babouc, "or ferocious beasts? Ah! I see that Persepolis will soon be destroyed."

Occupied with this thought he joined the Indians' camp; he was received as well there as he had been by the Persians, in accordance with the promise made him; but he saw there exactly the same excesses which had filled him with horror.

"Oho!" said he to himself. "If the angel Ituriel

exterminates the Persians, the angel of India must also destroy the Indians."

Having inquired in more detail about what had happened in either army, he learned of actions of generosity, greatness of soul, humanity, which astounded and delighted him.

"Inexplicable human beings!" cried he. "How can you unite so much baseness and grandeur, so many virtues and crimes?"

Meanwhile peace was declared. The leaders of the two armies, neither of whom had gained the victory, but on the contrary had shed the blood of so many men for their own interests, went off to seek rewards in their own Courts. The peace was praised in the public prints, which announced nothing less than the return of virtue and felicity to the earth.

"God be praised!" said Babouc. "Persepolis will be the dwelling-place of purified innocence; it will not be destroyed as these evil jinn desired; let me hasten at once to this capital of Asia."

...With the aid of medicine...
Candide's illness became serious

CHAPTER III

Barbarity

HE entered this immense town by the ancient entrance, which was wholly barbarous and offensive to the eyes from its disgusting rusticity. All this part of the town bore marks of the age in which it was built; for, in spite of men's obstinacy in praising the antique at the expense of the modern, it must be admitted that the first attempts in every sort of art are always clumsy.

Babouc mingled with a crowd of people composed of the dirtiest and the ugliest of both sexes. This crowd was stupidly urging its way into a large and gloomy building. From the continual mumbling, the movement he noticed, the money some people gave to others for the right to sit down, he thought he was in a market where rush-bottomed chairs were sold; but very soon, noticing that several women knelt down and glanced sideways at the men while they pretended to be gazing fixedly in front of them, he perceived he was in a temple. Sharp, raucous, savage, discordant voices made the roof echo with ill-articulated sounds, exactly like the voices of asses when in the plains of the Pictaves they reply to the cowherd's horn which calls them. He put his hand on his ears; but he was tempted to do the same with his eyes and nose, when he saw workmen enter the temple with picks and shovels. They raised a large stone and cast out to right and left the malodorous earth; they then deposited a dead body in this opening and replaced the stone above it.

"What!" cried Babouc. "These nations bury their

dead in the very places where they adore the divinity! What! Their temples are paved with corpses! I am no longer surprised by the pestilential maladies which so often ravage Persepolis. The decay of the dead and of so many living people assembled and crowded in the same place is enough to poison the whole world. Ah! What a disgusting town Persepolis is. I suppose the angels wish to destroy it in order to rebuild it better and to people it with less filthy inhabitants who can sing better. Providence must have its reasons; let it work in its own way."

CHAPTER IV

Elegance

MEANWHILE the sun had reached the zenith of its course. Babouc was engaged to dine at the other end of the town with a lady to whom he had a letter of introduction from her husband, an officer in the army. He first took a few turns through Persepolis; he saw other temples better built and ornamented, filled with polite persons and echoing with harmonious music; he noticed the public fountains which, although ill-placed, struck his sight with their beauty, squares where the best kings who had governed Persia seemed to breathe through bronze; other squares where he heard the people cry: "When shall we see the master we adore?" He admired the magnificent bridges thrown across the river, the superb and useful quays, the palaces built to right and left, an immense building where thousands of old soldiers, wounded and victorious, gave thanks every day to the god of armies. Finally, he entered the lady's house and found her awaiting him for dinner with a polite assembly. The house was neat and embellished, the meal delicious, the lady young, beautiful, witty, engaging, the company worthy of her; and Babouc said to himself continually:

"The angel Ituriel jests at the world when he thinks of destroying so charming a town."

CHAPTER V

Morals

BUT he noticed that the lady, who had begun by asking tenderly for news of her husband, at the end of the meal spoke still more tenderly to a youthful mage. He noticed a magistrate who, in his wife's presence, pressed sharply upon the widow, and the indulgent widow had one hand round the magistrate's neck while she held out the other to a very handsome and very modest young citizen. The magistrate's wife was the first to leave the table in order to converse in a neighbouring room with her spiritual director who arrived very late after having been expected for dinner; and the eloquent spiritual director exhorted her in the neighbouring room with so much vehemence and unction that when the lady returned her eyes were swimming, her cheeks inflamed, her walk uncertain and her speech trembling.

Babouc then began to fear that the jinn Ituriel was right. His talent for obtaining confidence obtained him a knowledge of the lady's secrets that same day; she confided to him her taste for the young mage, and assured him that he would find the equivalent of what he had seen in her house in all the houses of Persepolis. Babouc concluded that such a society could not endure, that jealousy, discord, vengeance must desolate every house; that tears and blood must flow every day; that husbands would certainly kill their wives' lovers or be killed by them; and that, in short, Ituriel would do well to destroy immediately a town given up to continual disorders.

CHAPTER VI

Venality

HE was plunged in these gloomy thoughts when there came to the door a grave personage in a black cloak who humbly asked to speak to the young magistrate. Without rising, without looking at him the young magistrate proudly and negligently handed him some papers and dismissed him. Babouc asked who this man was. The mistress of the house whispered him:

"He is one of the best lawyers in the town; he has been studying law for fifty years. The gentleman who is only twenty-five, and has been legal satrap for two days, has just ordered him to make an abstract of a lawsuit which he is to judge to-morrow and which he has not yet looked at."

"The young giddy-pate does well," said Babouc, "to ask an old man's advice; but why is the old man not the judge?"

"You are jesting," he was told. "Those who have grown old in the lower and laborious posts never attain dignities. The young man has an important position because his father is rich and because the right of administering justice is bought here like a dairy-farm."

"O morals! O unhappy town!" cried Babouc. "This is the height of disorder; obviously those who buy the right of judging, sell their judgments; I see nothing but abysms of iniquity here."

As he was expressing his grief and surprise in this way, a young warrior who had returned that very day from the army said to him:

"Why do you think that legal posts should not be bought? I myself bought the right to face death at the head of two thousand men whom I command; this year it has cost me forty thousand gold pieces to sleep on the ground in red clothes for thirty nights consecutively and then to receive two smart arrow wounds which I still feel. If I ruin myself to serve the Persian Emperor whom I have never seen, the legal satrap may well pay something to have the pleasure of hearing people's cases."

Babouc in his indignation could not prevent himself from condemning mentally a country where the dignities of peace and war were put up to auction; he hastily concluded that war and the laws must be absolutely unknown there and that, even if Ituriel did not exterminate this nation, it would perish by its own detestable administration.

His bad opinion was still more confirmed by the arrival of a fat man who, having saluted the whole company with great familiarity, approached the young officer and said:

"I can only lend you fifty thousand gold pieces, for this year the customs of the Empire have only brought me in three hundred thousand."

Babouc inquired who was the man who complained of earning so little; he learned that in Persepolis there were forty plebeian kings who had the Empire of Persia on lease and paid something for it to the monarch.

CHAPTER VII

The Declaimers

AFTER dinner he visited one of the most superb temples of the town; he sat down among a crowd of women and men who had come there to pass the time. A mage appeared in an elevated machine and talked for a long time about vice and virtue. This mage divided into several headings that which did not need dividing; he methodically proved everything that was obvious and taught what everybody knew. He was frigidly impassioned and departed sweating and out of breath. The whole assembly then awoke and considered that it had taken part in a lesson. Babouc said:

"Here is a man who has done his best to bore two or three hundred of his fellow-citizens; but his intentions were good; that is not a reason for destroying Persepolis."

After leaving this assembly, he was taken to see a public spectacle which was given every day of the year; it was in a sort of basilica, at one end of which a palace could be seen. The most beautiful women of Persepolis, the most important satraps, all ranged in order, formed so fair a sight that Babouc at first thought this was the whole spectacle. Two or three persons who seemed to be kings and queens soon appeared at the front of the palace; their speech was very different from that of the people; it was measured, harmonious and sublime. Nobody went to sleep. Everybody listened in profound silence which was only interrupted by expressions of public sensibility and admiration. The duty of kings,

the love of virtue, the dangers of the passions, were expressed by strokes so keen and touching that Babouc was moved to tears. He had no doubt that the heroes and heroines, the kings and queens he had just heard, were the preachers of the Empire. He even intended to persuade Ituriel to come and listen to them, feeling sure that such a spectacle would for ever reconcile him with the town.

As soon as this fête was over, he desired to see the principal queen who had expressed so noble and so pure a morality in this beautiful palace. He was introduced to her Majesty; he was taken up a narrow stairway to an ill-furnished apartment on the second floor, where he found a badly-dressed woman, who said to him with a noble and pathetic air:

"This occupation does not bring me enough to live; one of the princes you saw has left me with child; I must soon lie in. I have no money and without money one cannot lie in."

Babouc gave her a hundred pieces of gold, saying:

"If this were the only thing amiss in the town, Ituriel would be wrong to be so angry."

CHAPTER VIII

Commerce

FROM there he went and passed the evening among the merchants of useless magnificences. He was taken there by an intelligent man with whom he had become acquainted; he bought what pleased him and it was politely sold to him for much more than it was worth. When they got home his friend pointed out how much he had been cheated. Babouc wrote the merchant's name in his tablets in order that Ituriel might pick him out on the day when the town was punished. While he was writing someone knocked at the door. It was the merchant himself who had come to bring back his purse which Babouc had accidentally left behind on the counter.

"How can it be," cried Babouc, "that you are so punctilious and so generous when you were not ashamed to sell me these trinkets at four times their value?"

"Any merchant of reputation in this town," replied the tradesman, "would have brought back your purse; but you were deceived when you were told that I sold you what you bought at my shop at four times its value. I sold it to you at ten times its value. And this is so true that if you tried to sell it in a month's time you could not obtain a tenth of what you had paid for it. But nothing could be juster; the value of these frivolous things lies in men's caprice; that caprice feeds the hundred workmen I employ; it gives me a large house, a comfortable vehicle, horses; it excites industry, keeps up taste, circulation and abundance. I sell the same trifles to the neighbouring nations more expensively than to you, and in this way I am useful to the Empire."

After a little consideration Babouc struck him off his tablets.

CHAPTER IX

The Controversialists

BABOUC, in great uncertainty as to what he should think of Persepolis, resolved to see the mages and the scholars; for some study wisdom and others religion, and he flattered himself that they would obtain mercy for the rest of the people. The next day he went to a college of mages. The archimandrite confessed that he had an income of one hundred thousand crowns owing to his having made a vow of poverty, and that he enjoyed considerable authority by virtue of his vow of humility; after which he left Babouc in the hands of a little friar who did the honours of the place.

While this friar was pointing out to him the magnificences of this house of penitence, the rumour was spread that he had come to reform all such houses. He immediately received memorials from every one of them; and all the memorials in substance said:

"Preserve us and destroy all the others."

According to their apologies, all these societies were necessary; according to their mutual accusations they all deserved to be abolished. He was amazed that every one of them desired to command the universe in order to edify it.

There came to him a little man who was a demi-mage, saying:

"I see that the work is about to be completed, for Zerdust has returned to the earth; little girls prophesy while they are pinched in front and whipped behind. Therefore we ask for your protection against the great Lama."

"What!" said Babouc. "Against the Pontiff King who lives in Tibet?"

"Against him."

"Then you are at war with him, and are raising armies against him?"

"No, but he says that man is free and we do not believe it; we denounce him in little books which he does not read; he has scarcely heard us spoken of; he has simply had us condemned, as a master orders the destruction of the caterpillars in his garden."

Babouc shuddered at the madness of these men who made a profession of wisdom, at the intrigues of those who had renounced the world, at the ambition and arrogant covetousness of those who taught humility and disinterestedness; he concluded that Ituriel had good reasons for destroying the whole brood.

CHAPTER X

The Critics

HAVING retired home, he sent for some new books to dissipate his distress, and he invited several scholars to dinner for the purpose of recreation. Twice as many came as he had invited, like wasps attracted by honey. These parasites were urgent to eat and talk; they praised two sets of persons, the dead and themselves, but never their contemporaries, except the master of the house. If one of them made a witty remark, the others lowered their eyes and bit their lips in annoyance because they had not said it themselves. They had less dissimulation than the mages because the objects of their ambition were smaller. Each of them sought the post of a lackey and the reputation of a great man; they said insulting things to each other under the delusion that they were being witty. They had heard something of Babouc's mission. One of them privately begged him to exterminate an author who had not sufficiently praised him five years before; another asked for the death of a citizen who had never laughed at his comedies; a third required the extinction of the Academy because he had never been able to get into it. When the meal was over, each of them went away alone, because in the whole gang there were not two men who could endure each other or even speak except at the houses of the rich men who invited them to their tables. Babouc felt it would be no great hardship if these vermin perished in the general destruction.

CHAPTER XI

The Philosophers

AS soon as he had got rid of them, he began to read some new books. He at once recognised the spirit of his guests. He read with indignation those journals of calumny, those archives of bad taste, dictated by envy, baseness and hunger; those cowardly satires where the vulture is spared and the dove torn to pieces; those novels devoid of imagination where are to be found the portraits of so many women whom the author does not know.

He threw all these detestable works in the fire and went out in the evening for a walk. He was introduced to an old scholar who had not come to increase the number of his parasites. This scholar always avoided the crowd; was acquainted with men, profited by it, and was reserved in his communications. Babouc talked to him regretfully of what he had read and seen.

"You have been reading very paltry books," said this wise man of letters, "but in all ages and countries and in all *genres*, the bad abounds and the good is rare. You received the dregs of pedantry in your house because in all professions those who are least worthy to appear always thrust themselves forward with the greatest impudence. Truly wise men live among themselves, in retired tranquillity; among us there are still men and books worthy of your attention."

While he was speaking, they were joined by another man of letters; their talk was so pleasant and instructive, lifted so far above prejudices and so agreeable to virtue, that Babouc confessed he had never heard anything like it.

"Such men," he said to himself, "the angel Ituriel will never dare to touch or, if he does, he will indeed be pitiless."

Though reconciled with the men of letters, he was still angry with the rest of the nation.

"You are a foreigner," a judicious man said to him, "abuses crowd before your eyes and the good which is hidden or which sometimes results from these very abuses escapes you."

He then discovered that among the men of letters were some who were not envious and that there were even virtuous men among the mages. He finally realised that these large corporations, which seemed to be preparing a common ruin for themselves by their rivalries, were after all useful institutions; that each corporation of mages acted as a curb to its rivals; that if these competitors differed in some of their opinions they nevertheless all taught the same morality, educated the people and lived in submission to the laws, like tutors who watch over the son of a house while the master watches over them. He became acquainted with several of them and found heavenly minds among them. He even learned that there had been very great men among the madmen who wanted to make war on the great Lama. Finally, he suspected that the morals of Persepolis might be like its buildings, some of which had seemed pitiful to him while others had ravished him with admiration.

CHAPTER XII

The Law-court

HE said to his man of letters:

"I thoroughly understand that these mages, whom I thought so dangerous, are in fact most useful, especially when a wise government prevents them from making themselves too important; but you will admit that your young magistrates, who purchase the post of judge as soon as they have learned to ride a horse, must display the most ridiculous incompetence in the law-courts as well as the most perverse iniquity. It would surely be better to give these posts to mature lawyers who have spent their whole lives in weighing pros and cons."

The man of letters replied:

"You saw our army before you came to Persepolis; you know our young officers fight very well, although they buy their commissions; perhaps you will see that our young magistrates do not judge badly, although they have purchased the right of giving judgment."

The next day he was taken to the chief law-court where an important sentence was to be promulgated. The case was familiar to everyone. All the elderly lawyers who discussed it were uncertain in their opinions; they cited dozens of laws, none of which was really applicable to the root of the question. They looked at the case from a hundred points of view, none of which was the true one; and the judges came to a decision in less time than the lawyers had spent in uncertainty. Their judgment was nearly unanimous; it was a good judgment because they followed the light of reason; and the others had given wrong opinions because they had only consulted their books.

CHAPTER XIII

Finance

BABOUC decided that there were often very good sides to abuses. On the same day he saw that the wealth of the financiers, which had so much disgusted him, might produce an excellent effect; for the Emperor needed money, and with their aid he found in an hour more than he could have raised in six months by ordinary means. He saw that these large clouds, swollen with the dew of the earth, gave it back what they had received from it in rain. Moreover, the children of these new men, often better educated than those of older families, were sometimes far more able; for there is nothing to prevent a man from being a good judge, a brave soldier or an able statesman, when his father has been a good reckoner.

Oh! What a superior man! What a great genius! Nothing can please him

CHAPTER XIV

The Ministry

LITTLE by little Babouc pardoned the avidity of the financier who is not fundamentally greedier than other men, and who is necessary to society. He forgave the madness of those who ruined themselves to become judges and officers, because this madness produces great magistrates and heroes. He forgave the envy of men of letters, because he found among them men who enlightened the world; he grew reconciled with ambitious and intriguing mages, for among them there were more great virtues than little vices; but he still found much to complain of, especially the gallantries of the ladies, and the miseries which must result from them filled him with pain and anxiety.

Since he wished to become familiar with all conditions of men, he went to call upon a minister; but on the way he continually dreaded lest some woman should be murdered in his presence by her husband. When he reached the statesman's house, he waited two hours in the antechamber before he was announced and two hours more afterwards. During this interval he made up his mind to recommend this minister and his insolent lackeys to the attention of the angel Ituriel. The antechamber was filled with ladies of all ranks, mages of all colours, judges, merchants, officers and pedants; all complained of the minister. The miser and the usurer said:

"This man certainly pillages the provinces."

The capricious reproached him with being fantastic.

The voluptuous said:

"He thinks of nothing but pleasure." The intriguer

flattered himself that he would soon be ruined by a plot. The women hoped that there would soon be a younger minister.

Babouc listened to their talk. He could not prevent himself from saying:

"This man is very fortunate, he has all his enemies in his antechamber; his power crushes those who envy him; he sees those who detest him at his feet."

At last he entered; and he saw a little old man bowed with the weight of years and affairs, but still active and full of intelligence.

He was pleased with Babouc and Babouc thought him an estimable man. The conversation became interesting. The minister confessed that he was a very unhappy man; that he was supposed to be rich and was in fact poor; that people thought him all-powerful while he was always being thwarted; that he had never done a favour to anyone who did not prove ungrateful and that he had scarcely had one moment of consolation during forty years of continual labour. Babouc was touched and thought that if this man had erred and the angel Ituriel wished to punish him, the way to do it was not to kill him but to leave him his post.

CHAPTER XV

Conjugal Relations

WHILE he was talking to the minister, the fair lady with whom Babouc had dined suddenly entered the room. Her eyes and brow showed symptoms of pain and anger. She broke out into reproaches against the statesman; she shed tears; she complained bitterly that her husband had been refused a place to which he was eligible by birth and which was due to his services and his wounds; she expressed herself so strongly, her complaints were made so gracefully, she overcame objections with so much skill, she brought forward reasons with so much eloquence, that she did not leave the room until she had made her husband's fortune.

Babouc handed her from the room.

"Is it possible, madam," said he, "that you should give yourself all this trouble for a man you do not love and from whom you have everything to fear?"

"A man I do not love!" she cried. "My husband is the best friend I have in the world and I would sacrifice anything in the world for him except my lover; and he would do anything for me except leave his mistress. I should like you to meet her; she is a charming woman, full of wit, of the most agreeable character; we are supping together this evening, with my husband and my little mage; come and share our joy."

The lady took Babouc home with her. The husband who arrived in the depths of despair met his wife with transports of joy and gratitude; he kissed his wife, his mistress, the little mage and Babouc. Concord, gaiety, wit and all the graces were the soul of this meal.

"Those who are sometimes called unvirtuous women," said the fair lady with whom he was supping, "almost always have the merits of a virtuous man. To convince you of this, come and dine with me to-morrow with the fair Teone. She is torn to pieces by a few old vestals but she does more good than all of them together. She would not do a slight injustice to further her greatest interest; she gives her lover none but generous advice; she is concerned only for his fame; he would blush before her if he missed an occasion of doing good, for nothing encourages virtuous actions more than to have a mistress whose esteem one desires as witness and judge of one's conduct."

CHAPTER XVI

Society

BABOUC kept the appointment. He found a house devoted to all the pleasures. Teone reigned over them; she could speak to everyone in his own language. Her natural intelligence set everyone at ease; she pleased almost without wishing it, she was as amiable as she was benevolent, and the value of all her good qualities was increased by the fact that she was beautiful.

Babouc, though he was a Scythian, and the envoy of a jinn, perceived that if he remained in Persepolis he would forget Ituriel for Teone. He came to love the town whose inhabitants were polite, gentle and benevolent, though light, slanderous and full of vanity. He feared lest Persepolis should be condemned; he even dreaded the account he had to render.

CHAPTER XVII

The Statue

HE rendered his account in the following way. He caused the best metal founder of the town to make a statuette composed of every metal and of the most precious and most worthless stones and earths. And he took it to Ituriel.

"Will you break this pretty statuette," he said, "because it is not all gold and diamonds?"

Ituriel guessed his meaning; he resolved not even to think of correcting Persepolis and to let the world go on as it is; for, said he, if all is not well, all is tolerable. Persepolis, then, was allowed to remain and Babouc was very far from complaining like Jonah, who was angry because Nineveh was not destroyed. But when a man has been three days in the belly of a whale he is not so good-tempered as when he has been to the opera, to the theatre and has supped in good company.

COSI-SANCTA

A LITTLE ILL FOR A GREAT GOOD

COSI-SANCTA

A LITTLE ILL FOR A GREAT GOOD

An African Tale

(1746)

'TIS a maxim falsely established that we must not commit a little ill if a great good will result. Saint Augustine was entirely of this opinion, as may easily be seen by the account of a little adventure which happened in his diocese, during the proconsulate of Septimus Acindynus, and related in the Book of the City of God.

At Hippo there lived an old parish priest, a great inventor of confraternities, confessor to all the girls in the quarter, with the reputation of being a man inspired by God, because he dabbled in fortune-telling, an occupation in which he had some success.

One day they brought him a girl named Cosi-Sancta, the most beautiful in the whole province. Her father and mother were Jansenists, who had brought her up in the principles of the most rigid virtue; and not one of all her lovers had ever been able to cause her one moment's lack of attention during her prayers. She had been betrothed for some days to a little, dried-up, old man named Capito, a prominent lawyer of Hippo. He was a peevish, surly, little man, not without wit but pursy in his conversation, sneering and rather sharp-tongued in his jests. He was as jealous as a Venetian and nothing in the world would have induced him to endure the position of being friendly to his wife's lovers.

The poor young creature was doing all she could to love him, because he was to be her husband; she was trying as hard as she could but without the least success.

She came to consult her parish priest to know whether her marriage would be happy. The old fellow said to her in prophetic tones: "Daughter, your virtue will cause many misfortunes, but you will one day be made a Saint through having been three times unfaithful to your husband."

This oracle astounded and cruelly embarrassed this fair and innocent girl. She wept and asked for an explanation, thinking that these words hid some mystic sense; but all the explanation she could obtain was that the three times must not be taken to mean three rendezvous with the same lover, but three different adventures.

Cosi-Sancta then protested violently; she even insulted the parish priest and vowed she should never be made a Saint. But she was, as you will see.

Soon after, she was married. The wedding feast was extremely gallant; she endured quite well all the unpleasant talk she had to undergo, all the insipid equivocations, all the ill-concealed grossness with which the modesty of young brides is usually embarrassed. She danced very gracefully with several extremely handsome and well-built young men in whom her husband detected a very graceless air.

She got into bed with little Capito with some repugnance. She spent most of the night in sleep and woke up much preoccupied. Her husband was, however, less the subject of her reflections than a young man named Ribaldos, who had occupied her mind without her knowing it. This young man seemed to have been formed by the hands of Love; he had Love's graces, boldness and trickery; he was rather indiscreet but only with those who wished him well; he was the darling of Hippo. He had set all the women of the town at

loggerheads and was in the same position himself with all the husbands and mothers. He usually fell in love from heedlessness and a little from vanity; but he was really in love with Cosi-Sancta and loved her the more madly because it was more difficult to conquer her.

Like a man of wit he first tried to make himself agreeable to the husband. He made him a thousand advances, praised his good looks, his easy and gallant wit. He lost money to him at play and made some unimportant confidence to him every day. Cosi-Sancta thought him a most charming young man. She was already more in love with him than she realised; she did not guess it, but her husband guessed it for her. Although he was as conceited as a little man can be, he had no doubt that Ribaldos's visits were not made to him alone. He found some pretext to quarrel with him and forbade him the house.

Cosi-Sancta was very sorry for this but dared not say so; and Ribaldos, rendered still more amorous by these difficulties, spent his whole time waiting for moments when he could see her. He disguised himself as a monk, as a woman pedlar, as a Punch and Judy showman; but he did not do enough to triumph over his mistress and did too much not to be recognised by the husband. If Cosi-Sancta had been in league with her lover they would have arranged their measures so well that the husband would never have suspected anything; but as she was struggling against her inclination and had nothing to reproach herself with, she saved everything except appearances, and her husband thought her most guilty.

The little old man, who was very irascible and thought his honour depended upon his wife's fidelity, insulted her cruelly and punished her because someone had thought her beautiful. She found herself in the most horrible situation in which a woman can be, accused unjustly, maltreated by a husband to whom she was

faithful and torn by a violent passion she was trying to overcome.

She thought that if her lover ceased to pursue her, her husband might cease his injustice and that she would be fortunate enough to recover from a passion which was no longer fed. With this idea she plucked up courage to write the following letter to Ribaldos:

"If you have any virtuous feeling, forbear to render me unhappy; you love me and your love exposes me to the suspicions and violence of a master I have taken for the remainder of my life. Would to Heaven this were the only risk I may have to run! Pity me and cease your pursuit. I beg you by that very love which renders you unhappy and me also, and which can never make you happy."

Poor Cosi-Sancta had not foreseen that a letter so tender, though so virtuous, would have an effect exactly contrary to that she hoped for. It inflamed her lover's heart more than ever and he resolved to risk his life in order to see his mistress.

Capito, who was fool enough to want to know everything, and who had good spies, was warned that Ribaldos had disguised himself as a begging friar to ask his wife's charity. He thought he was lost; he imagined that a friar's gown was more dangerous than any other to the honour of a husband. He posted servants to beat brother Ribaldos and was but too well served. When the young man entered the house he was received by these gentry; in spite of his cries that he was an honest friar and that poor monks are not to be treated in this way, he was beaten and died a fortnight later from a blow on the head. All the women in the town mourned him. Cosi-Sancta was inconsolable; even Capito was sorry, but for another reason, for he found he had involved himself in a very unpleasant affair.

Ribaldos was a relative of the proconsul Acindynus. The Roman wished to inflict an exemplary punishment

for this assassination; and, since he had formerly quarrelled more than once with the law-courts of Hippo, he was not sorry to be able to hang one of their members, and he was very glad that the lot had fallen on Capito, who was the vainest and most intolerable pettifogger in the whole country.

So Cosi-Sancta had seen her lover murdered and was near to seeing her husband hanged; and all because she had been virtuous, for, as I have already said, if she had granted her favours to Ribaldos, the husband would have been much more skilfully deceived.

Thus the first half of the priest's prediction was accomplished. Cosi-Sancta then remembered the oracle and began to fear she might carry out the rest of it; but, having reflected that no one can overcome his destiny, she abandoned herself to Providence, which led her to the goal by the most honest means imaginable.

The proconsul Acindynus was a man more debauched than voluptuous, taking very little interest in preliminaries, brutal and familiar, a mere garrison hero, greatly dreaded in the province, with whom all the women in Hippo had had an affair solely to avoid quarrelling with him.

He sent for Madam Cosi-Sancta, who arrived in tears; but they made her only the more charming.

"Your husband, madam," said he, "is about to be hanged and only you can save him."

"I would give my life for his," said the lady.

"That is not what I ask," replied the proconsul.

"And what must I do?" said she.

"I only want one of your nights," replied the proconsul.

"But they do not belong to me," said Cosi-Sancta, "they belong to my husband. I would give my blood to save him, but I cannot give my honour."

"But suppose your husband consents?" said the proconsul.

"He is the master," replied the lady, "and everyone does as he pleases with his own property. But I know my husband, he will never consent; he is a little man who would rather allow himself to be hanged than let anybody else touch me with the end of his finger."

"That's what we shall see," said the judge in a rage.

He had the criminal brought before him at once and gave him the choice of being hanged or a cuckold. There was no room for hesitation. The little man, however, was reluctant. At last he did what anyone else would have done in his place. His wife charitably saved his life; and this was the first of the three times.

The same day her son fell ill of a very extraordinary illness unknown to all the doctors of Hippo. There was only one doctor who knew how to cure this illness; and he lived at Aquila, several leagues from Hippo. At that time it was forbidden for a doctor established at one town to exercise his profession in another. Cosi-Sancta herself was obliged to go to him at Aquila with her brother, whom she loved tenderly. On the way they were captured by brigands. The chief of these gentlemen thought her very charming; and, as they were about to kill her brother, he went up to her and told her that if she would be a little kind to him, her brother should not be killed and that it would cost her nothing. The matter was urgent. She had just saved the life of a husband she did not love; she was about to lose a brother she loved very much; moreover, the dangerous state of her child alarmed her. There was not a moment to lose. She commended herself to God, did all that was required, and this was the second of the three times.

She reached Aquila the same day and went to the doctor's house. He was one of those fashionable doctors who are sent for by women when they have the vapours or when there is nothing wrong with them at all. He was the confidential friend of some and the

lover of others, a polite, obliging man, rather out of favour with the Medical Association, which he had often made the subject of jokes.

Cosi-Sancta explained her child's illness and offered him a sestertium. (Notice that a sestertium was worth more than a thousand crowns in modern French money.)

"Madam," said the gallant doctor, "that is not the money I require in payment. I would myself offer you all my property, if it were to your taste to be paid for the cures you are able to make; only cure me of the malady you cause me and I will restore your child to health."

The lady thought this proposition extravagant; but fate had rendered her accustomed to strange things. The doctor was an obstinate man who would take no other price for his services. Cosi-Sancta's husband was not there for her to consult; and how could she allow the child she adored to die for lack of the trivial help she could give him! She was as good a mother as sister. She purchased the remedy at the price demanded; and this was the last of the three times.

She returned to Hippo with her brother, who kept thanking her all the way for the courage with which she had saved his life.

Thus, Cosi-Sancta through being too virtuous caused her lover to be murdered and her husband to be condemned to death; and, by being obliging, she saved the lives of her brother, her son and her husband. Such a woman was considered to be very useful to her family. After her death she was made a Saint because by mortifying herself she had done so much good to her relatives, and they carved on her tombstone:

"A little ill for a great good."

She saw me with my crucial incision

MEMNON

OR HUMAN WISDOM

MEMNON

OR HUMAN WISDOM

(1747)

ONE day Memnon conceived the senseless project of being perfectly wise. At some time or other this folly has passed through everyone's head. Memnon said to himself: To be very wise, and consequently very happy, one has only to be without passions; and nothing is easier, as everyone knows. First of all, I will never fall in love with a woman, for when I see a perfect beauty, I shall say to myself: One day those cheeks will be wrinkled, those lovely eyes will be red-rimmed, those round breasts will become flat and drooping, that fair head will be bald. Thus, I have only to see her now with the same eyes I shall see her with then, and certainly her head will not turn mine.

In the second place, I shall always be sober; however much I may be tempted by good cheer, delicious wine and the seductions of society, I shall only have to think of the results of excess—a heavy head, a loaded stomach, the loss of reason, health and time—and I shall then eat no more than I need; my health will always be good, my ideas always clear and luminous. It is all so easy that there is no merit in it.

After that, said Memnon, I must think a little of my income. My desires are moderate; my money is solidly invested with the Receiver-General of the Finances of Nineveh; I have enough to live independently, and this is the greatest of all blessings. I shall never endure

the cruel necessity of paying court to anyone; I shall envy no one and no one shall envy me. And this too is very easy. I have friends, he went on, I shall keep them, since they will have nothing to contend about with me. I shall never be out of temper with them nor they with me; there is no difficulty in that.

Having made his little plan of wisdom in his room, Memnon looked out the window. He saw two women walking under the plane-trees near his house. One was old and seemed to be thinking about nothing; the other was young and pretty and seemed to be in deep thought. She was sighing, she was weeping, and was all the more beautiful in consequence. Our wise man was touched, not by the lady's beauty (he was quite sure he could not feel such a weakness), but by her affliction. He went down and spoke to the young lady of Nineveh with the idea of consoling her with wisdom. The fine creature told him in the most natural and touching manner about all the wrongs done her by an uncle she did not possess; how by his artifices he had deprived her of property she had never owned, and all she had to fear from his violence.

"You seem to me a man able to give such good advice," she said, "that if you would be kind enough to come home with me and to examine my affairs, I am sure you would be able to get me out of these cruel difficulties."

Memnon had no hesitation in following her to examine her affairs with wisdom and to give her good advice.

The afflicted lady took him to a perfumed room and made him sit down with her on a large sofa, where they both sat facing each other with their legs crossed. As the lady talked she lowered her eyes, from which a few tears escaped, and when she raised them they always met the gaze of the wise Memnon. Their talk was full of tenderness which increased every time they looked at each other. Memnon took her affairs extremely to

heart and every moment felt a greater desire to oblige so virtuous and so unfortunate a person. Little by little, in the warmth of conversation, they ceased to face each other. Their legs were no longer crossed. Memnon advised her so closely and gave her such tender counsel that neither of them could discuss affairs and did not know where they were.

At this stage the uncle arrived, as you may well suppose; he was armed from head to foot and the first thing he said, as was natural, was that he would kill the wise Memnon and his niece; and the last remark which escaped him was that he might be forgiving for a large sum of money. Memnon was obliged to give all he had with him. At that time a man was lucky to get off so cheaply; America had not yet been discovered and afflicted ladies were then not nearly so dangerous as they are to-day.

Memnon went home in shame and despair, and found a note inviting him to dine with some of his intimate friends. If I stay at home, he said, my mind will dwell upon my unlucky adventure and I shall not be able to eat; I shall be ill; it would be much better to go and take a frugal repast with my intimate friends. In the pleasure of their society I shall forget the folly I committed this morning. He went to the gathering and his friends thought him a little low-spirited. They made him drink to get rid of his sorrow. A little wine taken moderately is a remedy for body and soul. Thus thought the wise Memnon; and he got drunk. After dinner somebody suggested gambling. Limited play among friends is a respectable pastime. They gambled; he lost all he had in his purse and four times as much on his word of honour. The game led to a dispute, which grew warm; one of his intimate friends threw a dice-box at his head and knocked out an eye. The wise Memnon was taken home drunk, moneyless, and short of an eye.

He slept off his wine; and when his head was freer he sent his servant for money to the Receiver-General of the Finances of Nineveh in order to pay his intimate friends; he was informed that his debtor had that morning become a fraudulent bankrupt, to the distress of a hundred families. Memnon in a rage went to court with a bandage over his eye and a petition in his hand to ask justice of the king against the bankrupt. In a drawing-room he met several ladies who all wore with an air of ease hoops twenty-four feet in circumference. One of them who knew him slightly, looked at him sideways and said to him:

"Horrors!"

Another who knew him better, said to him:

"Good-evening, Mr. Memnon; I am delighted to see you, Mr. Memnon; how did you come to lose an eye, Mr. Memnon?"

And she went on without waiting for his reply. Memnon hid himself in a corner and waited for the moment when he could throw himself at the monarch's feet. The moment came. He thrice kissed the ground and presented his petition. His most gracious Majesty received it very favourably and handed it to one of his satraps to give him an account of it. The satrap took Memnon aside and said to him haughtily and with a bitter sneer:

"You are a one-eyed fool to address yourself to the king rather than to me, and still more foolish to dare to ask for justice against an honest bankrupt whom I honour with my protection, and who is the nephew of one of the waiting-women belonging to my mistress. Give up this affair, my friend, if you wish to keep the eye you still have."

Memnon, having thus renounced in the morning women, the excesses of the table, gambling, all quarrels and the court especially, before night had been deceived and robbed by a fair lady, had got drunk, gambled,

quarrelled, lost an eye and had been to court where he had been laughed at.

Petrified with astonishment and overcome with grief he returned with death in his heart. He went to his house and found the bailiffs taking away his furniture on behalf of his creditors. He remained under a plane-tree almost in a swoon; there he met the fair lady of the morning who was out for a walk with her dear uncle, and who burst out laughing when she saw Memnon with his bandage. Night fell; Memnon lay down on some straw near the wall of his own house. He had an attack of fever; he fell asleep and a celestial spirit appeared to him in a dream.

The spirit glittered with light. He had six beautiful wings but no feet, no head, no tail, and was like nothing at all.

"Who are you?" said Memnon.

"Your good angel," replied the other.

"Then give me back my eye, my health, my property, my wisdom," said Memnon.

He then related how he had lost them all in one day.

"Adventures like this never happen to us in the world where I live," said the spirit.

"And what world do you live in?" said the afflicted man.

"My country," he replied, "is five hundred million leagues from the sun in a small star near Sirius, which you can see from here."

"Wonderful country!" said Memnon. "What! Among you there are no devils of women to deceive a poor man, no intimate friends who win his money and knock out his eye, no bankrupts, no satraps who laugh at you when they refuse you justice?"

"No," said the inhabitant of the star, "nothing of the kind. We are never deceived by women, because we have none; we never fall into excesses at table, because

we do not eat; we have no bankrupts, because we have neither gold nor silver; we cannot have our eyes knocked out, because our bodies are not like yours; and satraps never do us an injustice, because in our little star everyone is equal."

Then said Memnon to him:

"My lord, without women and without dinner, how do you spend your time?"

"In watching over other globes which are confided to our care," said the spirit, "and I have come to console you."

"Alas!" replied Memnon, "why did you not come last night and prevent me from committing so many follies?"

"I was with Assan, your elder brother," said the heavenly being. "He is more to be pitied than you. His gracious Majesty the King of the Indies, at whose court he has the honour to be, caused both his eyes to be knocked out on account of a small indiscretion, and at the present moment he is in prison, with chains on his hands and feet."

"What is the use of having a good angel in our family," said Memnon, "when of two brothers one has lost an eye and the other is blind, one is lying on straw and the other is in prison?"

"Your lot will change," replied the animal from the star. "It is true you will never have more than one eye; but with that exception you will be comparatively happy so long as you never form the silly plan of being perfectly wise."

"Then it is something impossible to attain?" cried Memnon, with a sigh.

"Just as impossible," cried the other, "as to be perfectly skilful, perfectly strong, perfectly powerful, perfectly happy. We ourselves are very far from it. There is one globe in which all that is to be found; but in the hundred thousand millions of worlds scattered

through space everything is connected by degrees. There is less wisdom and pleasure in the second than in the first, less in the third than in the second, and so on down to the last, where everyone is completely mad."

"I am very much afraid," said Memnon, "that our little terraqueous globe is precisely the mad house of the universe of which you do me the honour to inform me."

"Not altogether," said the spirit, "but near it; everything must be in its place."

"But then," said Memnon, "certain poets and philosophers must be very wrong to say that everything is for the best?"

"They are quite right," said the philosopher from above, "in regard to the arrangement of the whole universes."

"Ah!" replied poor Memnon, "I shall only believe that when I recover my lost eye."

BABABEC AND THE FAKIRS

BABABEC AND THE FAKIRS

(1750)

WHEN I was in the town of Benares on the banks of the Ganges, the ancient country of the Brahmins, I made every effort to obtain information. I understood Indian passably well; I listened a great deal and noticed everything. I lodged with my correspondent Omri, the worthiest man I have ever known. He was a Brahmin, I am a Mohammedan; we have never spoken an angry word of the subject of Mohammed and Brahma. We perform our ablutions in our own way, we drink the same lemonade, we eat the same rice, like two brothers.

One day we went together to the pagoda of Gavani. There we saw several bands of fakirs, some of whom were Jangys or contemplative fakirs, and others were disciples of the ancient Gymnosophists, who led an active life. It is well known that they possess a learned language which is that of the ancient Brahmins and, in that language, a book which they call the Veda. It is certainly the most ancient book of all Asia, without excepting the Zend-Avesta. I passed a fakir who was reading this book.

"Ah! Wretched infidel!" he cried. "You have made me lose count of the number of vowels; and consequently my soul will enter the body of a hare instead of a parrot, as I had every reason to hope."

I gave him a rupee to console him. A few paces farther on I unluckily sneezed, and the noise awakened a fakir who was in an ecstasy.

"Where am I?" said he. "What a horrible fall!

I can no longer see the end of my nose; the heavenly light has disappeared."

"If I am the cause," said I, "of your seeing at last farther than the end of your nose, here is a rupee to repair the ill I have done; take back your heavenly light."

Having thus discreetly extricated myself, I passed on to the other Gymnosophists. Several of them brought me very pretty little nails to stick in my arms and thighs in honour of Brahma. I bought their nails and used them to nail down my carpets. Some danced on their hands; some swung on a loose cord; others always limped. There were some who carried chains; others a pack-saddle; some hid their head under a bushel; otherwise the pleasantest people imaginable. My friend Omri took me into the cell belonging to one of the most famous; he was called Bababec. He was as naked as a monkey and wore round his neck a large chain which weighed more than sixty pounds. He was sitting on a wooden chair, well furnished with the sharp points of nails, which stuck into his buttocks, and you would have thought he was on a satin bed. Numbers of women came to consult him; he was the oracle of families and it might be said that he enjoyed a very great reputation. I was present at an important conversation between him and Omri.

"Father," said Omri, "do you think that when I have passed through the test of the seven metempsychoses I shall attain to the dwelling of Brahma?"

"That depends," said the fakir; "in what manner do you live?"

"I try," said Omri, "to be a good citizen, a good husband, a good father, a good friend; to the rich I lend money without interest at times and I give it to the poor; I labour to keep peace among my neighbours."

"Do you ever stick nails in your backside?" asked the Brahmin.

"Never, reverend father."

"I am sorry," replied the fakir, "you will certainly never reach the nineteenth Heaven; 'tis a pity."

"Why," said Omri, "it is very well; I am perfectly content with my lot; what does the nineteenth or the twentieth Heaven matter to me, provided I do my duty during my pilgrimage and am well received at the last resting-place? Is it not enough to be an honest man now, and then to be happy in the country of Brahma? Into what Heaven do you think you will go, Mr. Bababec, with your nails and your chains?"

"The thirty-fifth," said Bababec.

"I think it amusing," replied Omri, "that you should assume you will be placed higher than me; it can only be the effect of excessive ambition. You condemn those who seek for honours in this life; why do you want such great honours in the next? Why do you suppose you will be better treated than I? Learn that I give more in alms in ten days than you spend in ten years, for all the nails you stick into your backside. Much Brahma cares that you spend the day naked, with a chain round your neck; you do your country a great service! I have a hundred times more esteem for a man who sows vegetables or plants trees than for all your friends who gaze at the ends of their noses or carry a pack-saddle from excessive nobility of soul."

Having spoken thus, Omri softened down, flattered him, argued with him, and finally persuaded him to get rid of his nails and his chain and to come and live a decent life. He was cleaned, anointed with perfumed essences, and dressed properly; he lived a fortnight very soberly and confessed he was a hundred times happier than he had been before. But he lost his influence with the people; the women no longer came to consult him; so he left Omri and returned to his nails in order to retain esteem.

I cannot see the end of my nose;
the heavenly light has disappeared

THE STORY OF SCARMENTADO'S TRAVELS

THE STORY OF SCARMENTADO'S TRAVELS

(1756)

I WAS born in the town of Candia in 1600. My father was the governor and I remember that a mediocre poet named Iro,[1] who was harsh in no mediocre degree, wrote some bad verses in my praise where he said I was directly descended from Minos; but my father having fallen into disgrace, he wrote other verses to show that I descended from Pasiphäe and her lover. This Iro was a very evil creature and the most boring rascal on the whole island.

At the age of fifteen I was sent by my father to study in Rome. I arrived there with the hope of learning every truth. For up till then I had been taught just the contrary, according to the usage of this evil world from China to the Alps. Monsignor Profondo, to whom I was recommended, was a singular man and one of the most terribly learned men in the whole world. He wanted to teach me the Categories of Aristotle and was on the point of putting me in the category of his Mignons; luckily, I escaped. I saw processions, exorcisms, and peculations. It was said, but without a word of truth, that the Signora Olimpia, a person of great prudence, sold numerous things which should not be sold. I was at an age when all this seemed very amusing. A young lady of very tender morals, named Signora Fatelo, took it into her head to fall in love with me. She was courted by the reverend Father Poignardini

[1] Refers to Roy, a poet, one of Voltaire's numerous enemies.

and by the reverend Father Aconite, young professed monks of an order which has ceased to exist. She reconciled them by giving me her favours; but at the same time I ran the risk of being excommunicated and poisoned. I left highly delighted with the architecture of St. Peter's.

I travelled in France; it was during the reign of Louis the Just. The first question I was asked was if I should like for my lunch a small portion of the Marshal d'Ancre, whose flesh had been roasted by the people and was being distributed very cheaply to those who wanted it.

This state was continually a prey to civil wars, sometimes about a place in the Cabinet, sometimes about two pages of controversy. For more than sixty years this fire, sometimes smothered and sometimes violently blown, had desolated these beautiful climates. These were the liberties of the Gallican Church.

"Alas!" said I. "Yet the people of this nation are born mild; what can have diverted them from their natural character? They jest and take part in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Happy the time when they did nothing but jest!"

I crossed over into England; there the same quarrels excited the same furies. Holy-minded Catholics had resolved for the good of the Church to blow up with powder the King, the Royal Family and the whole Parliament in order to rid England of these heretics.

I was shown the place where the blessed Queen Mary, daughter of Henry VIII, had burned more than five hundred of her subjects. An Irish priest assured me that this was a very good action; first, because those who were burned were English; second, because they never took holy water and did not believe in St. Patrick's well. He was especially surprised that Queen Mary had not yet been canonised; but he hoped she soon would be, when the Cardinal Nephew had a little leisure.

I went to Holland, where I hoped to find more tranquillity among a more phlegmatic people. When I arrived at the Hague they were cutting off the head of a venerable old man. It was the bald head of Berneveldt, the Prime Minister, the man who had done most for the republic. Touched by pity I inquired what was his crime and whether he had betrayed the state.

"He did far worse," said a black-garbed preacher. "He believes that we can be saved by good works as well as by faith. You will realise that if such opinions were established, the republic could not endure and that severe laws are needed to repress such scandalous horrors."

A profound politician of the country said to me with a sigh:

"Alas! Sir, this good time will not last for ever: the zeal of this nation is only the result of chance; fundamentally the people's character leans towards the abominable dogma of tolerance. One day it will come to that; it makes one shudder."

For my part, while waiting for the disastrous time of moderation and indulgence, I departed rapidly from a country where severity was not softened by any amenity and I embarked for Spain.

The court was at Seville, the galleons had arrived safely, everything breathed abundance and joy in the loveliest season of the year. At the end of an avenue of orange and lemon trees I saw an immense arena surrounded by seats covered with precious draperies. The king, the queen, the infante, the infanta were there under a superb canopy. Opposite this august family was another, more elevated throne. I said to one of my travelling companions:

"Unless that throne is reserved for God, I do not see who can occupy it."

These indiscreet words were heard by a grave Spaniard and cost me dear. Meanwhile I supposed we were

about to witness a passage of arms or a bull-fight, when the Grand Inquisitor appeared upon the throne, from which he blessed the king and the people. Then came an army of monks walking two by two, white, black, grey, with and without sandals; with and without beards; with pointed cowls and without cowls; then came the executioner; then, surrounded by Alguazils and grandees, came forty persons covered with sacks on which were painted devils and flames. They were Jews who would not wholly renounce Moses, Christians who had married their fellow-godmothers or who had not adored Our Lady of Atocha or had been unwilling to get rid of their ready money in favour of the friars. They sang some very beautiful prayers devoutly, after which all the guilty were slowly burned, which seemed to give the Royal Family much edification.

At night, just as I was going to bed, there arrived two familiars of the Inquisition with the holy Hermandad; they embraced me tenderly and without saying a single word took me to a very cool cell, furnished with a straw bed and a fine crucifix. I remained there for six weeks, at the end of which the reverend father Inquisitor sent to beg that I would come and speak to him. He folded me in his arms with paternal affection; he told me he was sincerely afflicted to hear that I had been so poorly accommodated; but that all the apartments of the house were full and that another time he hoped I should be more comfortable. Afterwards he asked me cordially if I did not know why I was there. I told the reverend father that apparently it was on account of my sins.

"Well! my dear child, for what sin? Speak to me with confidence."

However much I thought I could not guess; he charitably put me on the right track. At last I remembered my indiscreet words. I was let off with a scourging and a fine of thirty thousand reals. I was taken to pay

my respects to the Grand Inquisitor; he was a polite man who asked me what I thought of his little entertainment. I told him it was delicious and went to urge my companions to leave the country, beautiful as it is. They had had time to find out all the great things the Spaniards have done for religion. They had read the memoirs of the famous Bishop of Chiapa, from which it appears that ten million infidels in America had been stabbed, burned or drowned in order to convert them. I thought the Bishop exaggerated; but even if we reduce these sacrifices to five million victims, it would still be admirable.

The desire to travel still urged me on. I had intended to finish my tour of Europe in Turkey; so we set out. I made up my mind not to express my opinion about any festivals I might see.

"These Turks," I said to my companions, "are miscreants who have not been baptised and consequently will be much more cruel than the reverend father Inquisitors. Let us keep silent when we are among the Mohammedans."

I went there. I was vastly surprised to find many more Christian churches in Turkey than there were in Candia. I even saw numerous groups of monks who were allowed to pray freely to the Virgin Mary, and to curse Mohammed, some in Greek, some in Latin, and others in Armenian.

"What excellent people are the Turks!" cried I.

The Greek Christians and the Latin Christians in Constantinople were mortal enemies; these slaves persecuted each other like dogs which bite each other in the street and have to be separated with sticks by their masters. At that time the Grand Vizier gave his protection to the Greeks. The Greek Patriarch accused me of having supped with the Latin Patriarch, and I was condemned in a full diva to a hundred strokes of the bastinado on the soles of my feet, or in lieu of that to a

fine of five hundred sequins. The next day the Grand Vizier was strangled; the day after his successor, who was for the party of the Latins and who was not strangled until a month after, condemned me to the same fine because I had supped with the Greek Patriarch. I was under the sad necessity of attending neither the Greek nor the Latin Church. To console myself I hired a very beautiful Circassian girl, who was the most tender creature in an intimate interview and the most devout in a mosque. One night in the soft transports of her love, she exclaimed as she embraced me:

"Allah, Illah, Allah!" These are the sacramental words of the Turks; I thought they were those of love: so I exclaimed very tenderly:

"Allah, Illah, Allah!"

"Ah!" said she, "praise be to God the merciful! You are a Turk."

I told her that I blessed him for having given me the strength and thought myself only too happy. In the morning the Imam came to circumcise me; and as I made some objection, the Cadi of the quarter, an honest man, proposed to impale me. I saved my prepuce and my backside with a thousand sequins and fled to Persia immediately, resolved never more to attend a Greek or a Latin mass in Turkey and never to cry Allah, Illah, Allah in a tender rendezvous.

On reaching Ispahan, I was asked if I were for the black sheep or the white sheep. I replied that it was a matter of indifference to me, so long as they were tender. You must know that the Persians were still divided by the factions of "The white sheep" and "The black sheep." They thought I was making fun of both parties, so that at the very gates of the town I found myself involved in violent quarrel; it cost me another large sum of sequins to get rid of the sheep.

I pushed on as far as China with an interpreter who assured me it was a country where people lived freely

and happily. The Tartars had become masters of it, after having wasted it with fire and blood; and the reverend Jesuit fathers on the one hand, like the reverend Dominican fathers on the other, said they were winning souls for God without anyone else knowing who they were. There was a quarrel among them about the method of bowing. The Jesuits wanted the Chinese to salute their fathers and mothers in the manner of China, and the Dominicans wanted them to salute in the manner of Rome. It happened that the Jesuits took me for a Dominican. His Tartar Majesty was informed that I was one of the Pope's spies. The supreme council told a first mandarin, who ordered a sergeant, who commanded four police of the country to arrest me and to bind me with ceremony. After one hundred and forty genuflections I was taken before his Majesty. He asked me whether I were one of the Pope's spies and if it were true that this prince meant to come in person to the throne. I replied that the Pope was a priest aged seventy; that he lived four thousand leagues from his sacred Majesty of Tartar-China; that he possessed about two thousand soldiers who mounted guard under parasols; that he never dethroned anybody and that his Majesty could sleep in peace. This was the least disastrous adventure of my life. I was sent to Macao, whence I embarked for Europe.

The ship I was in had to refit along the coasts of Golconda. I seized the time to visit the court of the great Aurangzeb, who was marvellously well-spoken of in the world; at that time he was at Delhi. I had the consolation of seeing him on the day of the pompous ceremony when he received the celestial present sent him by the Cherif of Mecca. It was a broom which had been used to sweep out the holy house, the caaba, the beth allah. This broom is the symbol of the divine broom which sweeps away all the filth of the soul. Aurangzeb did not seem to need it; he was the most

pious man of all Hindustan. It is true he had cut the throat of one of his brothers and had poisoned his father; twenty Rajahs and as many Omras had died in torture; but that was nothing, and people talked only of his piety. He was compared to no one less than the sacred majesty of the most serene Emperor of Morocco, Muley Ismael, who cut off people's heads every Friday after prayers.

I said nothing; travelling had formed my mind and I felt that it did not fall to me to decide between two august sovereigns. A young Frenchman with whom I lodged failed, I must confess, in respect to the Emperors of the Indies and of Morocco. He took it into his head to say most indiscreetly that in Europe there were very pious sovereigns who governed their dominions well and even frequented churches, without killing their fathers and brothers and without cutting off the heads of their subjects. Our interpreter translated my young man's impious remark into Hindoo. Warned by what had happened in the past, I had my camels saddled at once and the Frenchman and I left. I learned afterwards that the officers of the great Aurangzeb came that night to arrest us, but only found the interpreter. He was executed in the public square and all the courtiers admitted without flattery that his death was richly deserved.

I still had to see Africa in order to enjoy all the pleasures of our continent. And I did see it indeed. My ship was captured by negro pirates. Our captain complained loudly and asked them why they violated the law of nations in this manner. The negro captain replied:

"Your nose is long, and ours is flat; your hair is straight and our wool is curly; your skin is the colour of ashes, ours the colour of ebony; consequently by the sacred laws of nature we must always be enemies. You buy us in the fairs on the coast of Guinea, like beasts of labour, to make us work at occupations as painful as they are ridiculous. You beat us with cow-

hide whips to make us dig in the mountains for a kind of yellow earth which in itself is good for nothing and is not worth nearly so much as a good Egyptian onion; so, when we meet you, and we happen to be the stronger, we make you labour in our fields or we cut off your nose and ears."

There was nothing to be said in answer to so wise a speech. I went and worked in a field belonging to an old negress, in order to keep my ears and nose. I was ransomed at the end of a year. I had seen all that was beautiful, good and admirable in the world; I resolved henceforth to see nothing but my household gods. I married in my own country; I was made a cuckold; and I saw that this was the most agreeable condition in life.

JEANNOT AND COLIN

JEANNOT AND COLIN

(1764)

SEVERAL persons worthy of belief saw Jeannot and Colin at school in the town of Issoire in Auvergne, a town famous throughout the universe for its college and its kettles. Jeannot was the son of a very well-known mule merchant. Colin owed his existence to an honest labourer of the district who cultivated the earth with the help of four mules, and who when he had paid the taille, the taillon, the aides and gabelles, one sou in the livre, the capitation tax and the twentieths, did not find himself wonderfully rich at the end of the year.

Jeannot and Colin were very good-looking for Auvergnats; they were very fond of each other; they enjoyed little privities and familiarities together which people always remember with pleasure when they meet afterwards in the world.

The period of their studies was just ending when a tailor brought Jeannot a velvet suit in three colours with a most tasteful waistcoat from Lyons; the whole accompanied by a letter to M. de la Jeannotière. Colin admired the suit and was not jealous; but Jeannot assumed an air of superiority which distressed Colin. From that moment Jeannot ceased to study, looked at himself in the mirror, and despised everyone. Some time afterwards a footman came post, bringing a letter to M. le Marquis de la Jeannotière; it was an order from monsieur, his father, to bring monsieur, his son, to Paris. Jeannot got into the postchaise and extended

his hand to Colin with a very noble smile of protection. Colin felt his nothingness and wept. Jeannot departed in all the pomp of his glory.

Readers who like to be well informed must know that M. Jeannot the elder had very rapidly acquired immense property in business. You ask how these great fortunes are made? It is because a man is lucky. M. Jeannot was handsome; so was his wife, who still retained some freshness. They went to Paris about a lawsuit which was ruining them, when Fortune, which lifts up and casts down men as it pleases, introduced them to the wife of a hospital organiser for the army, a man of great talent, who could boast that he had killed more soldiers in a year than the cannon had destroyed in ten. Jeannot pleased madame; Jeannot's wife pleased monsieur. Jeannot soon had a share in the enterprise; he took part in other affairs. As soon as one is in the stream, all one has to do is to go with it; an immense fortune can be made without difficulty. The beggars who watch you from the bank as you sail along with all sails set are round-eyed with astonishment; they do not know how you can have arrived; they envy you at hazard and write pamphlets against you which you do not read. This is what happened to the elder Jeannot, who soon became M. de la Jeannotière and, having purchased a marquisate at the end of six months, withdrew his son, M. le Marquis, from school, to launch him in the best society of Paris.

Colin, always tender-hearted, wrote his old schoolfellow a letter of compliment to congratulate him. The little marquis made no reply; Colin was ill with grief.

The father and mother first provided the young marquis with a tutor; this tutor was a man of fashionable airs who knew nothing at all, and therefore could teach his pupil nothing. Monsieur wished his son to learn Latin; madame did not wish it. They called in as arbiter an author who was at that time celebrated for his

The great aim of man is to succeed in society

agreeable writings. He was asked to dinner. The master of the house began by saying:

"As you know Latin, sir, and are a man of the court . . ."

"I know Latin, sir! I don't know a word of it," replied the wit, "and it has been an advantage to me; obviously a man speaks his language better when he has not divided his attention between it and foreign languages. Look at all our ladies, their wit is more agreeable than the men's; their letters have a hundred times more grace; their superiority over us is only due to the fact that they do not know Latin."

"Well! was I not right?" said madame. "I want my son to be a man of wit, I want him to succeed in society; and you see that if he knew Latin he would be lost. I ask you, are comedies and operas played in Latin? Are lawsuits tried in Latin? Do we make love in Latin?"

Monsieur, dazzled by these reasons, passed judgment, and it was decided that the young marquis should not waste his time in knowing Cicero, Horace and Virgil. What then should he learn? For he must learn something; could he not be taught a little geography?

"What will be the use of that?" replied the tutor. "When M. le Marquis journeys to his estate, will not the postillions know the road? They will certainly not lose him. There is no necessity for a quadrant in order to travel, and we go very comfortably from Paris to Auvergne without knowing the latitude we are in."

"You are right," replied the father, "but I have heard people speak of a noble science which is called, I think, astronomy."

"How contemptible!" replied the tutor. "In this world do we conduct our lives by the stars? And must M. le Marquis weary himself to death in calculating an eclipse when he can find it at the given time in an almanac, which in addition tells him the movable feasts,

the quarter of the moon and the age of all the princesses in Europe?"

Madame entirely agreed with the tutor. The little marquis was delighted; the father was uncertain.

"Then what must my son be taught?" he said.

"To be amiable," replied the friend they were consulting, "and if he knows the way to please, he will know everything; it is an art he can learn from madame, his mother, without either of them taking the least trouble."

At these words madame embraced the gracious ignoramus and said:

"It is plain, sir, that you are the most learned person in the world; my son will owe his whole education to you; yet I think it would not be a bad thing if he knew a little history."

"Alas! madame, what is the good of that?" he replied. "The history of the day alone is useful and agreeable. All ancient history, as one of our wits said, is simply a tissue of accepted fables; and as for modern history, 'tis a chaos no one can disentangle. What does it matter to monsieur your son that Charlemagne instituted the twelve peers of France and that his successor stammered?"

"Nothing could be better said," cried the tutor, "the minds of children are stifled under masses of useless knowledge; but in my opinion the most absurd of all sciences and that most likely to strangle every kind of genius, is geometry. The subject of that ridiculous science is surfaces, lines and points which do not exist in nature. They imagine a hundred thousand curves passing between a circle and a straight line touching it, although in reality a straw could not pass. Positively, geometry is nothing but a foolish jest."

Monsieur and madame did not altogether understand what the tutor meant; but they were entirely of his opinion.

"A lord like M. le Marquis," he continued, "should

not waste his brains in these vain studies. Should he one day need a sublime geometer to draw the plan of his estate, he can have the acreage worked out by paying for it. If he wishes to discover the antiquity of his title, which goes back to the most distant times, he will send for a Benedictine. And so with every art. A young lord happily born is neither a painter, nor a musician, nor an architect, nor a sculptor; but he causes all these arts to flourish by his munificent encouragement of them. It is certainly better to protect them than to practise them; it is enough that M. le Marquis should possess taste; it is for artists to work for him; and that is why people are so right when they say that persons of quality (I mean those who are very rich) know everything without having learnt anything, because in the long run they can indeed judge everything they order and pay for."

The amiable ignoramus then spoke and said:

"You have very well observed, madame, that the great aim of man is to succeed in society. Honestly now, is that success obtained through the sciences? Did anyone ever think of discussing geometry in good society? Is a man of quality ever asked what star rises to-day with the sun? Does anyone at supper ever ask whether Clodion the Hairy passed the Rhine?"

"Of course not," cried the Marquise de la Jeannotière, whose charms had sometimes initiated her into good society, "and monsieur my son must not quench his genius in the study of all this nonsense; but what shall we teach him then? for it is good that a young lord should shine on the proper occasion, as my husband says. I remember I heard an abbé say that the most agreeable of all sciences was a thing whose name I have forgotten, but which begins with an H."

"With an H, madame, was it not Horticulture?"

"No, it was not Horticulture he spoke of; it began, I tell you, with an H and ended with a ry."

"Ah! I understand, madame, 'tis Heraldry; that

indeed is a very profound science, but it is no longer fashionable since people have given up having their arms painted on their carriage doors; it was the most useful thing imaginable in a really civilised state. But this study would be infinite; to-day every barber has his coat of arms; and you know that everything which becomes common is little welcomed."

Finally, after having weighed the strength and weakness of all sciences, they decided that M. le Marquis should learn to dance. Nature, which accomplishes everything, had bestowed upon him a talent which soon developed with prodigious success, and that was singing comic songs agreeably. The graces of youth, added to this superior gift, caused him to be looked upon as a young man of the greatest promise. He was beloved by the women; and having his head filled with songs, he wrote songs for his mistresses. He pillaged "Bacchus and Love" for one song, "Night and Day" for another, "Charms and Alarms," for a third; but, since his verses were always some feet longer or shorter than they ought to have been, he had them corrected at the rate of twenty guineas a song; and he was placed in the Literary Year Book alongside Lafare, Chaulieu, Hamilton, Sarrasin, and Voiture.

Madame la Marquise then believed herself to be the mother of a wit and gave suppers to the wits of Paris. The young man's head was soon turned; he acquired the art of talking without knowing what he meant and perfected himself in the habit of being good for nothing. When his father saw he was so eloquent, he regretted keenly that he had not been taught Latin, for then an important judicial post could have been bought for him. The mother, whose sentiments were more noble, undertook to solicit a regiment for her son; and meanwhile he made love. Love is sometimes more expensive than a regiment. He spent a great deal, while his parents exhausted their resources by living like great lords.

A young widow of quality, their neighbour, who possessed only a middling fortune, was good enough to make up her mind to render secure the great possessions of M. and Mme. Jeannotière by appropriating them to herself and by marrying the young marquis. She drew him to her house, allowed him to fall in love with her, let him see that she was not indifferent to him, led him on by degrees, enchanted him, subjugated him without difficulty. Sometimes she praised him, sometimes advised him; she became the best friend of his father and mother. An old woman in the neighbourhood proposed the marriage; the parents, dazzled by the splendour of this alliance, accepted the proposal with joy. They gave their only son to their intimate friend. The young marquis was about to marry a woman whom he adored and by whom he was beloved; the friends of the house congratulated him; the marriage articles were being drawn up, and they were at work upon the wedding clothes and the epithalamium.

One morning he was at the knees of the charming wife he was to receive from love, esteem and friendship; in a tender and animated conversation they were enjoying the first fruits of their happiness; they were making arrangements to lead a delicious life when a footman belonging to madame his mother arrived in consternation.

"Here is news!" he said. "The bailiffs are taking the furniture from monsieur and madame's house; everything is seized by the creditors; arrest is talked of and I am going to do the best I can to be paid my wages."

"Let me go and see," said the marquis, "what this is, what this adventure may be."

"Yes," said the widow, "go and punish the scoundrels, go quickly."

He rushed off and went to the house; his father was already in prison; all the servants had fled in different

directions, carrying off whatever they could. His mother was alone, without help, without consolation, drowned in her tears; she had nothing left but the memory of her fortune, of her beauty, of her errors and of her mad expense.

After the son had wept with his mother for a long time, he said at last:

"Let us not despair; the young widow loves me madly; she is more generous than rich; I will answer for her; I will fly to her and bring her back to you."

He returned to his mistress and found her in private conversation with a most amiable young officer.

"What! Is it you, M. de la Jeannotière? What are you doing here? Is a mother to be abandoned in this way? Go to the poor woman and tell her I still wish her well; I need a waiting-woman and will give her the preference."

"Young man," said the officer, "you seem well set-up; if you like to enter my company, I will give you a good engagement."

The marquis was stupefied, his heart was full of rage, and he went to look for his old tutor to pour out his griefs on his heart and to ask for advice. The advice was to become a children's tutor like himself.

"Alas! I know nothing, you taught me nothing, and you are the first cause of my misfortune."

He sobbed as he said this.

"Write novels," said a wit who was there. "It is an excellent resource in Paris."

The young man, in more despair than ever, ran to his mother's confessor, a greatly esteemed Theatine, who took charge of the consciences of only the most important women. As soon as he saw him, he rushed towards him.

"Heavens! Monsieur le Marquis, where is your carriage? How is the respectable Madame la Marquise, your mother?"

The poor wretch related his family disaster. As he explained it, the Theatine became graver, more indifferent, more imposing.

"My son, this is how God willed you should be; riches serve only to corrupt the heart; and so God has done your mother the grace to reduce her to beggary?"

"Yes, sir."

"So much the better, she is certain of her salvation."

"But, father, meanwhile is there no way of obtaining some help in this world?"

"Farewell, my son; a lady of the court is waiting for me."

The marquis was ready to swoon; he was treated in nearly the same fashion by all his friends and learned more about the world in half a day than in all his preceding life. As he was plunged in the depth of despair he saw an old-fashioned chaise, a sort of covered cart, with leather curtains, followed by four enormous laden waggons. In the chaise was a young man coarsely dressed; his face was round and fresh and breathed gentleness and gaiety. His little dark wife, who was rustically agreeable, was jolted beside him. The carriage did not run as easily as a coxcomb's chariot; the traveller had plenty of time to observe the motionless marquis, lost in his grief.

"Heavens!" he cried, "I think that is Jeannot."

At this name the marquis raised his eyes and the chaise stopped.

"It is Jeannot himself, it is Jeannot!"

The plump little man took one leap and rushed to embrace his old school-fellow. Jeannot recognised Colin; and his face was covered with shame and tears.

"You abandoned me," said Colin, "but though you are a great lord, I shall always love you."

Touched and confused, Jeannot told him with sobs a part of his story.

"Come to the inn where I am lodging and tell me the rest," said Colin; "kiss my little wife and let us go and dine together."

All three went off on foot followed by the baggage.

"What is all this collection? Does it belong to you?"

"Yes, it belongs to me and my wife. We have just come up from the country; I am at the head of a good manufactory of iron and copper. I have married the daughter of a rich trader in utensils necessary to great and small alike; we work very hard; God has blessed us; we have not changed our condition, we are happy, we will help our friend Jeannot. Do not be a marquis any longer; all the grandeurs are not worth a true friend. You will come back to the country with me. I will teach you the trade, it is not very difficult; I will give you a share, and we will live merrily in the corner of the earth where we were born."

Jeannot in bewilderment felt torn between grief and joy, tenderness and shame; he said to himself: All my gay friends have betrayed me and Colin, whom I despised, alone comes to my aid. What a lesson!

Colin's goodness of soul developed in Jeannot's heart the germ of good character which had not yet been stifled by the world. He felt he could not abandon his father and his mother.

"We will take care of your mother," said Colin, "and as to the good man your father who is in prison, I understand something of business. His creditors, when they see he has nothing, will take what they can get; I will look after everything."

Colin laboured so successfully that he released the father from prison. Jeannot returned to his province with his parents, who took up their old trade again. He married Colin's sister and, as she was of the same humour as her brother, she made him very happy. And Jeannot the father, and Jeannot the mother, and Jeannot the son saw that happiness does not dwell in vanity.

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S EARS

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S EARS

(1775)

CHAPTER I

AH! Fate governs irremissibly everything in this world. I judge, as is natural, from my own experience.

Lord Chesterfield, who was very fond of me, had promised to be of help to me. A good living in his nomination fell vacant. I hastened up from the depths of the country to London; I presented myself before his lordship; I reminded him of his promises; he shook me warmly by the hand and said that indeed I did look ill. I replied that my greatest illness was poverty. He said he desired to cure me, and immediately gave me a letter for Mr. Sidrac, near the Guildhall.

I had no doubt that Mr. Sidrac was the person to hasten the nomination to my living. I hastened to his house. Mr. Sidrac, who was his lordship's surgeon, at once began to examine me and assured me that if I had the stone, he would cut me very successfully.

You must know that his lordship had heard I was suffering great pain in the bladder, and with his usual generosity had intended I should be cut at his expense. He had gone deaf, like his brother, and I had not been informed of it.

While I was wasting time in defending my bladder against Mr. Sidrac, who desired to cut me at all costs, one of the fifty-two competitors who wanted the same living reached his lordship, asked for my vicarage, and obtained it.

I was in love with Miss Fidler, whom I was to marry

as soon as I became a vicar; my rival had my post and my mistress.

The earl, hearing of my disaster and his mistake, promised to set everything right; but he died two days afterwards.

Mr. Sidrac pointed out to me, as clearly as daylight, that my good patron could not live a minute longer owing to the constitution of his organs, and proved to me that his deafness only came from the extreme dryness of the cord and drum of his ear. He even offered to harden my two ears with spirits of wine, and to make me deafer than any peer of the realm.

I realised that Mr. Sidrac was a very learned man. He inspired me with a taste for the science of Nature. Moreover, I saw that he was a charitable man who would cut me for nothing if necessary, and who would aid me in every accident which might happen to me towards the neck of my bladder.

So I began to study Nature under his direction, to console myself for the loss of my vicarage and my mistress.

CHAPTER II

AFTER many observations of Nature, made with my five senses, telescopes and microscopes, I said to Mr. Sidrac one day:

"They make fun of us; there is no such thing as Nature, everything is art; it is by an admirable art that all the planets dance regularly around the sun, while the sun turns round upon himself. Obviously some one as learned as the Royal Society of London must have arranged things in such a way that the square of the revolutions of each planet is always proportionate to the cube root of their distance from their centre; and a man must be a sorcerer to guess it.

"The ebb and flow of our Thames seem to me the constant result of an art not less profound and not less difficult to understand.

"Animals, vegetables, minerals, all seem to me arranged with weight, measure, number and movement; everything is a spring, a lever, a pulley, a hydraulic machine, a chemical laboratory, from the blade of grass to the oak, from the flea to man, from a grain of sand to our clouds.

"Certainly there is nothing but art, and Nature is a delusion."

"You are right," replied Mr. Sidrac, "but you are not the first in the field; that has already been said by a dreamer on the other side of the Channel,[1] but nobody has paid any attention to him."

"What astonishes me and pleases me most of all is that, by means of this incomprehensible art, two machines always produce a third; and I am very sorry not to have

[1] Voltaire.

made one with Miss Fidler; but I see it was arranged from all eternity that Miss Fidler should make use of another machine than mine."

"What you say," replied Mr. Sidrac, "has been said before and said better; which is a probability that you think correctly. Yes, it is most amusing that two beings should produce a third; but it is not true of all beings; two roses do not produce a third rose by kissing each other; two stones or two metals do not produce a third; and yet a metal and a stone are things which all human industry could not make. The great, the beautiful, continuous miracle is that a boy and a girl should make a child together, that a cock nightingale should make a little nightingale with his hen nightingale, and not with a lark. We ought to spend half our lives in imitating them, and the other half in blessing him who invented this method. In generation there are a thousand vastly curious secrets. Newton says that Nature is everywhere like herself: *Natura est ubique sibi consona.* This is false in love; fish, reptiles and birds do not make love as we do; there is an infinite variety. The making of acting and sapient beings delights me. Vegetables have their value also. I am always amazed that a grain of wheat cast on to the ground should produce several others."

"Ah!" said I, like the fool I then was, "that is because the wheat must die to be born again, as they say in the schools." [1]

Mr. Sidrac laughed very circumspectly and replied:

"That was true in the time of the schools, but the meanest labourer to-day knows that the thing is absurd."

"Ah! Mr. Sidrac, I beg your pardon; but I have been a theologian and a man cannot shake off his old habits immediately."

[1] St. Paul and St. John.

CHAPTER III

SOME time after these conversations between poor parson Goodman and the excellent anatomist Sidrac, the surgeon met him in St. James's Park, pensive, preoccupied, with a more embarrassed look than a mathematician who has just made a bad mistake in calculation.

"What is the matter with you?" said Sidrac. "Have you a pain in your bladder or your colon?"

"No," said Goodman, "but in the gall-bladder. I have just seen a carriage go by containing the Bishop of Gloucester,[1] who is an insolent and whiffling pedant; I was on foot and it irritated me. I remembered that if I wanted to have a bishopric in this kingdom, 'tis ten thousand to one I should not obtain it, since there are ten thousand parsons in England. Since the death of Lord Chesterfield (who was deaf) I have had no patron. Let us suppose that the ten thousand Anglican parsons each have two patrons; in that event it is twenty thousand to one I shall not be a bishop. That is annoying when one thinks of it.

"I remembered that long ago it was suggested that I should go to India as a cabin-boy; I was assured I should make a great fortune, but I did not feel I was the kind of person to become an admiral. And, after having considered all professions, I have remained a parson without being good for anything."

"Cease to be a priest," said Sidrac, "and make yourself a philosopher. It is an occupation which neither exacts nor gives wealth. What is your income?"

"I have only thirty guineas a year, and after the death of my old aunt, I shall have fifty."

[1] Warburton.

"My dear Goodman, that is enough to live in freedom and to think. Thirty guineas are six hundred and thirty shillings; that makes nearly two shillings a day. Philips [1] only wanted one. With that amount of certain income a man can say everything he thinks about the East India Company, Parliament, the Colonies, the King, being in general, man and God; all of which is a great amusement. Come and dine with me, which will save you money; we will talk, and your thinking faculty will have the pleasure of communicating with mine by means of speech; a marvellous thing which men do not sufficiently admire."

[1] John Philips, author of *The Splendid Shilling*.

CHAPTER IV

Conversation between Dr. Goodman and Sidrac the Anatomist concerning the Soul and Other Matters

Goodman: But, my dear Sidrac, why do you always speak of my thinking faculty? Why not just say my soul? It would be done more quickly and I should understand you just as well.

Sidrac: But I should not understand myself. I feel, I know that God has given me the faculty of thinking and speaking; but I neither feel nor know whether he had given me an entity which is called a soul.

Goodman: Really, when I think about it, I perceive I know nothing more about it and that I have long been rash enough to think I did know. I have noticed that the Eastern nations call the soul by a name which means life. Following their example, the Romans first meant the life of the animal by the word *anima*. Among the Greeks they spoke of the respiration of the soul. This respiration is a breath. The Latins translated the word breath by *spiritus;* whence comes the word equivalent to "spirit" among nearly all modern nations. Since nobody has ever seen this breath, this spirit, it has been made an entity which no one can see or touch. It has been said to reside in our body without occupying any place there, to move our organs without touching them. What has not been said? It seems to me that all our talk is founded on ambiguities. I see the wise Locke felt that these ambiguities in all languages had plunged human reason into a chaos. He has no chapter on the soul in the only book of reasonable metaphysics ever written. And if he chances to use the word

in certain passages, with him it only means our intelligence. Indeed everyone feels he has an intelligence, that he receives ideas, that he associates and dissociates them; but nobody feels he has within him another entity which gives him movement, sensations and thoughts. It is ridiculous to use words we do not understand and to admit entities of which we cannot have the slightest idea.

Sidrac: We are agreed then about a matter which has been the subject of dispute for so many centuries.

Goodman: And I am surprised that we are in agreement.

Sidrac: It is not surprising, we are honestly searching for the truth. If we were on the benches of the schools, we should argue like the characters of Rabelais. If we lived in the ages of terrible darkness which so long enveloped England, one of us would perhaps have the other burned. We live in an age of reason; we easily find what seems to us to be the truth and we dare to express it.

Goodman: Yes, but I am afraid this truth is a very paltry affair. In mathematics we have achieved prodigies which would astonish Apollonius and Archimedes, and would make them our pupils; but what have we discovered in metaphysics? Our own ignorance.

Sidrac: And is that nothing? You admit that the great Being has given you the faculty of feeling and thinking, as he has given your feet the faculty of walking, your hands the power of doing a thousand things, your entrails the power of digesting, your heart the power of urging your blood into your arteries. We hold everything from him; we could not give ourselves anything, and we shall always be ignorant of the manner in which the Master of the universe makes use of to guide us. For my part, I give him thanks for having taught me that I know nothing of first principles. Men have always inquired how the soul acts upon the body. They

ought first of all to have found out whether we have one. Either God has given us this present or he has communicated something which is its equivalent to us. However he went about it, we are under his hand. He is our master, that is all I know.

Goodman : But tell me at least what you suspect. You have dissected brains, you have seen embryos and fœtuses ; have you discovered any sign of the soul in them ?

Sidrac : Not the least, and I have never been able to understand how an immortal, immaterial entity spent nine months uselessly hidden in an evil-smelling membrane between urine and excrement. It is difficult for me to conceive that this pretended simple soul existed before the formation of its body. For, if it were not a human soul, what use could it have been during the ages ? And then how can we imagine a simple entity, a metaphysical entity, which waits during eternity the moment to animate matter for a few minutes ? What becomes of this unknown entity, if the fœtus it should animate dies in the belly of its mother ? It seemed still more ridiculous to me that God should create a soul at the moment a man lies with a woman. It seems blasphemous that God should await the consummation of an adultery, of an incest, to reward these turpitudes by creating souls in their favour. It is still worse when I am told that God draws immortal souls from nothingness to make them suffer incredible tortures for eternity. What ! Burn simple entities, entities which have nothing burnable ! How should we go about burning the sound of a voice, a wind which has passed ? Even then, this sound and this wind were material during the brief moment of their passage ; but a pure spirit, a thought, a doubt ? I am all at sea. Whichever way I turn, to find nothing but obscurity, contradiction, impossibility, ridiculousness, dreams, extravagance, fables, absurdity, stupidity, charlatanism.

But I am quite easy when I say : God is the Master.

He who causes the innumerable stars to gravitate towards each other, he who made the light, is certainly powerful enough to give us feelings and ideas without our needing a small, foreign, invisible atom called soul. God has certainly given feeling, memory and industry to all animals. He has given them life and it is as noble to give life as to give a soul. It is generally agreed that animals live; it is proved that they have feeling, since they have organs of feeling. And if they have all that without having a soul, why must we wish to have one at all costs?

Goodman: Perhaps from vanity. I am convinced that if a peacock could speak, he would boast of having a soul and he would say his soul is in his tail. I am very much inclined to suspect with you that God made us to eat, to drink, to walk, to sleep, to feel, to think, to be full of passions, pride and misery, without telling us one word of his secret. We do not know any more about this topic than the peacock I speak of; and he who said that we are born, live and die without knowing how, expressed a great truth.

He who calls us the puppets of Providence seems to me to have well defined us; since after all, for us to exist, there needs must be an infinity of movements. We did not make the movement; we did not establish its laws. There is someone who, having made the light, makes it move from the sun to our eyes and reach us in seven minutes. It is only through movement that my five senses are stirred; it is only through my five senses that I have ideas; therefore it is the Author of movement who gives me ideas. And when he tells me how he gives them to me, I shall render him very humble thanks. Already I give him great thanks for having allowed me to contemplate for a few years the magnificent spectacle of this world, as Epictetus says. It is true he might make me happier and let me have a good living and my mistress, Miss Fidler; but after all, even as I am, with my income

of six hundred and thirty shillings, I am still greatly indebted to him.

Sidrac: You say that God might have given you a good living and that he could make you happier than you are. There are some people who would not allow you to make such an assertion. Do you not remember that you yourself complained of Fate? A man who wished to be a parson must not contradict himself. Do you not see that, if you had had the parsonage and the woman you asked for, it would have been you who made Miss Fidler's child and not your rival? The child she would have had might have been a cabin-boy, have become an admiral, have won a naval battle at the mouth of the Ganges, and completed the dethronement of the Great Mogul. That alone would have changed the constitution of the universe. A world entirely different to ours would have been needed in order that your competitor should not have the living, should not marry Miss Fidler, and that you should not have been reduced to six hundred and thirty shillings while expecting the death of your aunt. Everything is linked up: and God will not break the eternal chain for the sake of my friend Goodman.

Goodman: I did not expect this line of reasoning when I spoke of Fate; but after all, if this is so, God is as much a slave as I am?

Sidrac: He is the slave of his will, of his wisdom, of the laws he made himself, of his necessary nature. He cannot infringe them, because he cannot be weak, inconstant, and flighty as we are, and the necessarily Eternal Being cannot be a weathercock.

Goodman: Mr. Sidrac, that leads straight to irreligion; for if God can change nothing in the affairs of this world, what is the use of singing his praises and addressing prayers to him?

Sidrac: And who told you to pray God and praise him? Much he cares for your praise and petitions!

We praise a man because we think him vain; we pray him when we think him weak and hope to make him change his opinion. Let us do our duty to God, adore him, act justly; that is true praise and true prayer.

Goodman: Mr. Sidrac, we have covered a lot of ground; for, without counting Miss Fidler, we have inquired whether we have a soul, whether there is a God, whether he can change, whether we are destined to two lives, whether . . . these are profound studies and perhaps I should never have thought of them if I had been a parson. I must go deeper into these necessary and sublime matters, since I have nothing else to do.

Sidrac: Well, Dr. Grou is coming to dine with me to-morrow; he is a very well-informed doctor; he went round the world with Banks and Solander. He must certainly understand God and the soul, the true and the false, the just and the unjust, far better than those who have never left Covent Garden. Moreover, Dr. Grou saw almost the whole of Europe in his youth; he witnessed five or six revolutions in Russia; he frequented the pasha Comte de Bonneval, who, as you know, became a complete Mohammedan at Constantinople. He was intimate with the Papist priest MacCarthy, the Irishman, who had his prepuce cut off in honour of Mohammed, and with our Scotch Presbyterian, Ramsay, who did the same, and afterwards served in Russia and was killed in a battle against the Swedes in Finland. He has conversed with the reverend Father Malagrida, who has since been burned at Lisbon, because the Holy Virgin revealed to him everything she did when she was in the womb of her mother, Saint Anne. You can see that a man like Dr. Grou, who has seen so much, must be the greatest metaphysician in the world. To-morrow then, at my house for dinner.

Goodman: And the day after to-morrow, also, my dear Sidrac, for more than one dinner is needed to grow well informed.

CHAPTER V

NEXT day the three thinkers dined together; and as they became a little gayer towards the end of the meal, according to the custom of philosophers at dinner, they amused themselves by talking of all the miseries, all the follies, all the horrors which afflict the animal race from Australia to the Arctic Pole, and from Lima to Macao. This diversity of abominations is nevertheless very amusing. It is a pleasure unknown to stay-at-home burgesses and parish curates, who know nothing beyond their own church spire and who think that all the rest of the universe is like Exchange Alley in London, or like the Rue de la Huchette at Paris.

"I have noticed," said Dr. Grou, "that in spite of the infinite variety of this globe, all the men I have seen, whether blacks with woolly hair, blacks with straight hair, the browns, the reds, the swarthy who are called whites, all have alike two legs, two eyes, and a head on their shoulders, despite St. Augustine, who asserts in his thirty-seventh sermon that he had seen acephalous men, that is headless men, monoculous men with only one eye and monopeds who have only one leg. As to anthropophagi, I admit there are swarms of them and that everyone was once like them.

"I have often been asked if the inhabitants of the immense country called New Zealand, who are to-day the most barbarous of all barbarians, were baptised. I always reply that I do not know, but that it might be so; that the Jews, who were more barbarous than they, had two baptisms instead of one, the baptism of justice and the baptism of domicile."

"I know them well," said Mr. Goodman, "and I have had long disputes with those who think we invented baptism. No, gentlemen, we have invented nothing; we have only introduced contractions. But pray tell me, Dr. Grou, among the eighty or hundred religions you saw in your travels, which seemed the most pleasant, that of the New Zealanders or that of the Hottentots?"

Dr. Grou: That of the Island of Otaiti, without any doubt. I have travelled through the two hemispheres; I never saw anything like Otaiti and its religious queen. It is in Otaiti that Nature dwells. Elsewhere I saw nothing but masks; I saw only scoundrels deceiving fools, charlatans cheating others of their money to obtain authority, and cheating authority to have money with impunity; who sell you spiders' webs in order to eat your partridges; who sell you riches and pleasures when there is none, so that you will turn the spit while they exist.

By Heaven! It is not like that in the Island of Aiti, or of Otaiti. The island is much more civilised than New Zealand and the country of the Kafirs, and I dare to say than our own England, because Nature has granted it a more fertile soil; she has given it the bread-fruit tree, a present as useful as it is wonderful, which she has only bestowed upon a few islands of the Southern Sea. Moreover, Otaiti possesses numerous edible birds, vegetables and fruits. In such a country it is not necessary to eat one's neighbour; but there is a more natural, gentler, more universal necessity which the religion of Otaiti commands shall be satisfied in public. It is certainly the most respectable of all religious ceremonies; I have been an eye-witness of it, as well as the whole crew of our ship. These are not missionaries' fables, such as are to be found sometimes in the Edifying and Curious Letters of the Reverend Jesuit Fathers. Dr. John Hawkesworth is now completing the publication of our discoveries in the southern hemisphere. I have constantly accompanied that worthy young man, Banks,

who has devoted his time and money to the observation of Nature, in the regions of the Antarctic Pole, while Dawkins and Wood returned from the ruins of Palmyra and Baalbek where they had excavated the most ancient monuments of the arts, and Hamilton taught the amazed Neapolitans the natural history of their Mount Vesuvius. With Banks, Solander, Cook and a hundred others, I have seen what I am about to tell you.

The Princess Obeira, Queen of the Island of Otaiti . . .

At that moment the coffee was brought, and as soon as it was taken, Dr. Grou went on with his story as follows:

CHAPTER VI

'THE Princess Obeira," I say, "after having heaped us with presents with a politeness worthy of a queen of England, was curious to be present one morning at our Anglican service. We celebrated it as pompously as we could. In the afternoon she invited us to hers; it was on the 14th May 1769. We found her surrounded by about one thousand persons of both sexes arranged in a semi-circle and respectfully silent. A very pretty girl, simply dressed in light clothes, was lying on a platform which served as an altar. Queen Obeira ordered a fine young man of about twenty to make the sacrifice. He repeated a sort of prayer and got on to the altar. The two sacrificers were half naked. The Queen, with a majestic air, showed the young victim the most convenient method of consummating the sacrifice. All the Otaitians were so attentive and so respectful that not one of our sailors dared to trouble the ceremony by an indecent laugh. That is what I have seen, I tell you; that is what our whole crew saw; it is for you to make deductions."

"This sacred festival does not surprise me," said Dr. Goodman. "I am convinced that this is the first festival men have ever celebrated, and I do not see why we should not pray God when we are about to make a being in his image, as we pray to him before the meals which sustain our bodies. To labour to bring to life a reasonable creature is the most noble and holy action. Thus thought the early Indians, who revered the Lingam, the symbol of generation; the ancient Egyptians who carried the phallus in procession; the Greeks who erected temples to Priapus. If one may quote the miserable little

Jewish nation, the clumsy imitator of all its neighbours, it is said in its books that this nation adored Priapus and that the queen-mother of the Jewish King Asa was the high priestess.

"However this may be, it is very probable that no race ever established or could establish a cult from libertinism. Debauchery sometimes slips in through the lapse of time; but the institution itself is always innocent and pure. Our earliest love-feasts, where boys and girls kissed each other innocently on the mouth, did not generate into rendezvous and infidelities until much later; and would to God I might sacrifice with Miss Fidler under Queen Obeira in all honour! It would assuredly be the finest day and the best action of my life."

Mr. Sidrac, who had hitherto kept silence because Goodman and Grou had been talking, at last abandoned his reserve and said:

"What I have just heard ravishes me with admiration. Queen Obeira seems to me the greatest queen in the southern hemisphere; I dare not say of both hemispheres; but among so much fame and happiness, there is one thing which makes me tremble and which Mr. Goodman mentioned without your replying. Is it true, Dr. Grou, that Captain Wallace, who anchored off that fortunate Island before you, brought to it the two most terrible scourges of the whole earth, the two poxes?"

"Alas!" replied Dr. Grou, "the French accuse us and we accuse the French. Mr. Bougainville says that the accursed English gave the pox to Queen Obeira; and Mr. Cook asserts that the Queen obtained it from Mr. Bougainville himself. However this may be, the pox is like the fine arts, nobody knows who invented them, but eventually they ran through Europe, Asia, Africa and America."

"I have been a surgeon for a long time," said Sidrac, "and I confess I owe the greater part of my fortune

to this pox; yet I do not detest it any the less. Mrs. Sidrac communicated it to me on the first night of her wedding; and, as she is an excessively delicate woman in all matters touching her honour, she published in all the London newspapers the statement that she was indeed attacked by an infamous disease but that she had contracted it in her mother's womb and that it was an old family habit.

"What was 'Nature' thinking of when she poured this poison in the very source of life? It has been said, and I repeat it, that this is the most enormous and detestable of all contradictions. What! Man, they say, was made in God's image. Finxit in effigiem moderantum cuncta deorum, and it is in the spermatic vessels of this image that pain, infection and death are placed! What becomes of Lord Rochester's fine verse:

'Love, in a land of infidels,
Would lead to God.'"

"Alas!" said the excellent Goodman, "perhaps I have to thank Providence that I did not marry my dear Miss Fidler; for who knows what might have happened? We are never sure of anything in this world. In any case, Mr. Sidrac, you have promised me your help in everything concerning my bladder."

"I am entirely at your service," replied Sidrac, "but you must get rid of these gloomy thoughts."

Goodman, speaking in this way, seemed to foresee his fate.

CHAPTER VII

AS Mr. Sidrac spoke these wise words a servant came in to inform Mr. Goodman that the late Lord Chesterfield's steward was at the door in his carriage and wished to speak to him about a very urgent affair. Goodman ran down to receive the information and the steward invited him into the carriage and said:

"No doubt you know, sir, what happened to Mr. Sidrac on their wedding-night?"

"Yes, sir, he told me the story of that little adventure just now."

"Well, the same thing occurred to the fair Miss Fidler and her parson husband. The morning after they fought; the day after that they separated and the parson has been deprived of his living. I am in love with Miss Fidler, I know that she loves you, but she does not hate me. I can rise superior to the little accident which was the cause of her divorce; I am in love and fearless. Give up Miss Fidler to me and I will see that you get the living, which is worth over a hundred and fifty guineas a year. You have only ten minutes to make up your mind."

"This is a delicate proposition, sir; I must consult my philosophers Sidrac and Grou; I shall return to you immediately."

He ran back to his two advisers.

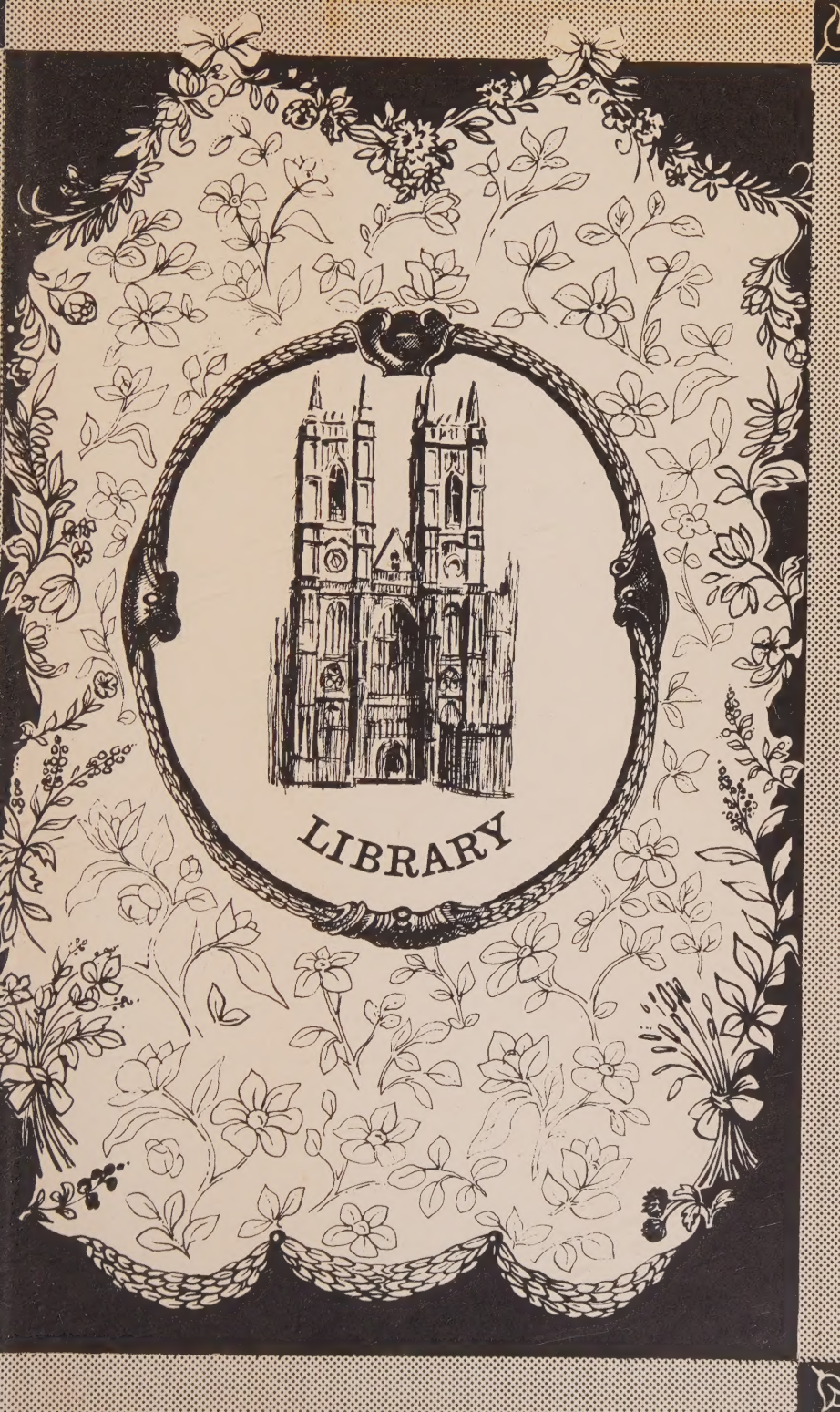
"I see," he said, "that the affairs of this world are not decided by digestion alone, and that love, ambition and money play a large part."

He told them how he was situated, and begged them to decide at once. They both decided that with an

income of a hundred and fifty guineas he could have all the girls in his parish and Miss Fidler as well.

Goodman felt the wisdom of this decision; he had the parsonage, he had Miss Fidler in secret, which was much more agreeable than having her as a wife. Mr. Sidrac was prodigal of good offices when they were needed; he became one of the most terrible priests in England and was more convinced than ever that fatality governs everything in this world.

ABBEY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